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July 20, 1955

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



"With a family of Nine, every penny Counts!"



SAYS MRS. A. FRASER,
OF SOUTH LAUNCESTON,
TASMANIA.

WITH A BIG
WASH TWICE A WEEK,
IT'S RINSO FOR MY
MONEY! THERE'S
NOTHING LIKE THOSE
THICK, RICH SUDS
FOR GETTING MY
CLOTHES A REALLY
GOOD COLOUR

"Good Tasmanians all"
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Fraser describe their healthy
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youngest is three, the
eldest 23 and in between
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and two young
workers. Think of the
washing for Mrs. Fraser!
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out a care.

RINSO's THICKER, RICHER SUDS GIVE A BRIGHTER WASH WITHOUT HARD WORK

MY TURN
TO WASH! WITH
RINSO WE'LL HAVE
THE THICK GREASE
OFF THESE DINNER
PLATES IN A JIFFY
AND EVERYTHING
SPARKLING



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because Rinso is so economical. And
when Rinso does the work your hands
stay soft and smooth.

Rinso is the only product
recommended by the makers of
all leading washing machines.

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The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

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JULY 20, 1955

Vol. 23, No. 1

ALL THIS, AND COOKING, TOO!

ON page 15 of this issue we announce
the results of our Ideal Wife and
Mother contest.

We chose men as our judges for this
competition. For our Ideal Husband con-
test, which closed last week, we have
selected a panel of women as judges.

We have been interested to note the
top twelve qualities chosen by our six male
judges. Like our readers, we are still un-
aware of the order in which they have
placed the remaining 20 qualities.

It is significant that they have placed
femininity as the first requisite in an
ideal wife.

At first thought, this, to a woman,
might be an obvious quality. She may be
inclined to think that she is female, there-
fore she is feminine.

Today, however, when so many women
work beside men, femininity is a quality
that has to be guarded.

Clever women manage to retain the
best of both worlds. Indeed, they have
always done so. The capable and intelli-
gent woman is not a new phenomenon.
She existed long before emancipation,
though her sphere was once confined to
the home.

If she is sufficiently intelligent, how-
ever, she uses her femininity to advantage.

Obviously our judges do not regard the
word as meaning a clinging vine, for you
will note that in the top twelve qualities
they also want the ability to run a home,
and self-reliance.

There is one point which emerges from
their judgment. It appears, at first sight,
to disprove the old saw, that the way to
a man's heart is through his stomach.

Our judges placed skill at cooking
twelfth.

However, studying their choice for the
first 11 qualities, we have decided that it
is not a disregard of food which has
caused this placing.

They expect all the rest, and cooking,
too.

THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

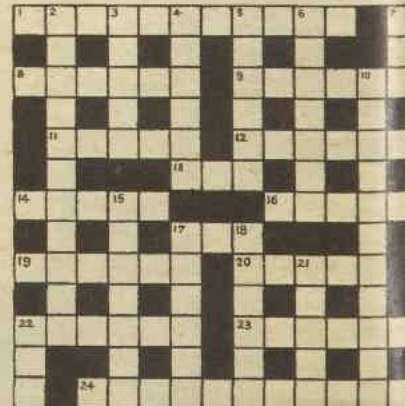
ACROSS

1. At five I'm far. This could be positive (11).
8. Refreshments of medical writing fluids (6).
9. Demeanor may belong to Sam and Ron (6).
11. Quadruped wearing the stockings outside (5).
12. Bequest an envoy (6).
13. Sailor turned traitor (3).
14. Rage though just a little more when straightened out (5).
16. Gridiron may be used as third degree (5).
17. Australian tree turns into a drinking cup which can be silly (3).
19. An illuminant (6).
20. A superior monk with the head of a sailor (5).
22. This is supplied per lot and you may step on it (6).
23. Colored sailor whose second half is a vehicle (6).
24. Nonsensical shabby fireplace on a steam-er (11).

DUCKLINGS A E
R A O ANVIL
ANTEDATED E D
K E L E LARGE
ENOSSLESSLY A R
A A O G L
HARDEN SPEEDY
A E T E E
I G SACRILEGE
ROAST A N A A
P E ABROGATES
TIDAL V O E
N D EVENTIDES

Solution in last week's crossword.

Solution will
be published
next week.



DOWN

2. Petticoat of which you might have four to get a pennyworth of beer (11).
3. Just outside the bull's eye (5).
4. He is the boss (6).
5. Disturbance made by fifty in a New South Wales town (6).
6. This sour stuff is to be found in grave (7).
7. The fifth proposition of Euclid is its bridge (5).
10. Make sharp noises with stratagems and provide valueless articles (11).
16. Write on the back starting with the end and finishing it with a broken sore (7).
17. Magician who helped Arthur to defeat his foes (6).
18. Sore on 27 1/2 cubic inches (6).
21. A slab which can be fundamental (5).
22. Seed from both ends (3).

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 20, 1955

Kiss and Forget

It seemed utterly stupid, but there she was as usual . . . playing second fiddle to a television set



JIM CONNORS barely slowed down to make the turn into his drive. Ignoring the protesting screech of tyres, he shot right into the garage, jammed on the brakes, jumped out almost before the car had stopped, and went running towards the house.

Then he caught himself, wheeled around, rushed back to turn off the motor, and sprinted for the house again.

Rushing through the entrance hall, he pulled off his overcoat, tossed it in the direction of a chair, called out a "Hello, dear" to his wife in the kitchen, and hurried on into the living-room.

There was no break in his forward motion until he paused on one knee in front of his television set.

Muttering under his breath, he tried to bring Channel 8 into focus. The sound and the picture would not synchronise.

"Helen!" he shouted.

Helen Connors came in from the kitchen wearing an expression of fixed patience.

"Yes, Jim?"

"I thought you were going to get this darned thing fixed today."

"I did, Jim. The man was here."

"Well, look at it! Even worse than it was before."

"I told him what was wrong, dear. He was here for over an hour."

Jim's face was flushed with irritation as he worked the knobs.

"How many times must I tell you to stand over him and make him show it's working right before you let him leave?"

"All right, Jim. Goodness, the way you talk you'd think I had nothing to do all day but play nursemaid to a television set."

"I had to do all the shopping for the weekend this morning. And this afternoon I laundered the guest-room curtains. Then the Women's Voters' Association . . ."

"Shhh! There, that's a little better, anyway."

"You haven't even taken your hat off,"

Helen said. "You've hardly even said hello to me. I don't know why you're so high-strung these days."

"Who's high-strung?" Jim shouted. "Just because the one commentator I like to listen to is Horace W. Somerville—the one guy who knows what he's talking about? And he's got to be on at 6.30—I can just barely make it home if I hurry—"

"I can live without Horace Somerville," Helen said.

"Somerville was right on the election, wasn't he? And he knows what he's talking about on Formosa and . . ."

"There, I've got it for you," Helen said. She seemed to have a touch with the TV set that Jim lacked. "Now sit back and enjoy it. I'll get you a drink."

Jim leaned back in his favorite television chair. But he refused to enjoy it. "It's no use—he's right in the middle. I missed the international news."

He wandered around the living-room restlessly while Horace W. Somerville gave his views on the state of the nation.

The phone rang and Jim hollered, "Helen, will you answer it? I've been on the phone the whole blessed day. What a day."

"I'll answer," Helen said, in that special tone wives reserve for husbands when they want them to know exactly how they feel.

When Helen came back into the room, Jim was watching the sports news. "Jim, turn the sound down," she said. "That makes an awful lot of noise in the house."

"That's because the control is loose," Jim said. "Either it's too loud or you can't hear it at all."

Helen went over and lowered the sound. It seemed to work all right for her.

"That was Mary Taylor," she said. "They've been wanting us to come over for months. They're having some friends in after dinner tonight they want us to meet."

"So what did you tell them?" Jim asked.

"Jim, I just couldn't turn them down

By BUDD SCHULBERG

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into the skin,
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Creams, 8/9 and 12/-;
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Night Cream.
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to soften, smooth and
replenish tired skins
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(or for dry skins,
Toning Lotion) to brace,
freshen and
prepare your skin
for make-up
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**CADBURY'S
DRINKING CHOCOLATE**
MADE IN AN INSTANT

He knew that, as surely as night
follows day, he would never
get Connie out of his mind.

The girl he jilted

By **STEVE McNEIL**

HE stood just inside the door of the big sheet-metal shop, looked through the big window into the office and told himself that it wasn't Connie, that it couldn't be Connie; but he knew that it was, and his throat tightened. His hand shook as he lighted a cigarette.

He was a tall, raw-boned, long-jawed young man with deep grey eyes, sandy hair, and the serious manner of a scientist. Inside the shop were two diesel logging trucks sitting solidly on eighteen wheels, and which were capable of hauling, in one load, logs containing enough lumber, when cut, to build a house.

Past the office was the tyre shop, and out in the yard were trucks waiting to come into the shop. Behind the office, he knew, was the parts room, the shelves neatly stacked with kingpin bolts, front-wheel bearings, gears, gaskets, brake drums, brake lining, and a thousand miscellaneous and related items.

These things he understood—the full-throated thunder of the one-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower diesels, and the ringing of hammers on steel, and the sound of paint spray guns and compressors; but he did not understand the sound fact that Connie was sitting in the office.

She worked, of course, just as other girls worked, but he hadn't known that she was working for St. John Pulp and Paper Company. Of course, there wasn't really any reason for Sam Jackson to tell him, when he took Alec off a truck and sent him down as assistant superintendent in charge of maintenance. Sam couldn't know about Connie, and if he did know he wouldn't have cared.

"You'll be working under Gordon Ross," Sam had said, "but you'll be responsible for truck maintenance, for hiring and firing drivers and mechanics, for purchasing equipment. Any feelings you have for Gordon Ross have nothing to do with your job."

"I'm taking you off a truck and sending you down because you know equipment, you know the country, and the conditions under which the hauling is done. It's a nice break. Whether you make good is up to you."

It's up to me, Alec had thought, and Gordon Ross, who won't forget that I once broke his nose, who won't forget that I was the one whom Connie loved when there had to be a choice between us; who was bitter after that because she was the only thing he ever wanted that he hadn't been able to get.

Standing there in the shop, he was almost afraid to go in and face Connie, and at the same time conceded that he was being foolish. He reminded himself that nothing is so dead as an old love, unless it be damp ashes.

But he could not be this close to her and think of her in a detached manner—as an old love. He could not think of her at all without filling up with moonbeams. She was as pretty as a bowlful of orchids, and two years ago they had been honey-sweet in love. But then, two

years ago he hadn't had two nickels to rub together.

"Who cares?" Connie had said then. "I love you." They had been sitting in Luke's coffee shop, heads together.

"The world is full of people," Alec said, "whose marriage went to pot because they were short of money."

"My father and mother had exactly thirty dollars when they married, and they've been happy for thirty-seven years," Connie said.

"Look," Alec said. "I can put up with load limits and freezing weather, and shutdowns and layoffs and strikes. But I won't let you do it with me. I'm not going to have you tired and haggard because we're beating our brains out trying to make a go of it. I've seen too much of that. Women who are tired, gaunt, depressed, with the zest for living squeezed out of them by hard work."

"Hard work never hurt anyone," Connie said. "Your truck is almost paid for, and before long you'll have another. I have faith in you, maybe more than you have in yourself."

"When I can afford it," Alec said stubbornly, "we'll get married."

"Who can ever afford to get married?" she said. "If you were really in love with me, Alec, you wouldn't be afraid to take a chance. Maybe you just don't want the responsibility."

"That's not it, Connie," Alec said desperately, wishing that she could see it his way, wanting to see it her way, too, but knowing that it wasn't right. The air between them was becoming dead with the things they were saying, the meaning behind their words. "Don't you see? I'm not afraid for myself."

"Oh, aren't you?" Connie said.

She had picked up her gloves and purse. She had walked out of the coffee shop, leaving him sitting there and looking at his hands. He knew that he should have followed her. He knew that he should have caught up with her and said, "O.K., baby, whenever you say." But he was stubborn, and young, and in love, and he wanted the moon for her.

Five days later he went to Neah Bay to work. The letters they exchanged were stilted, cautious, and a poor substitute for the thing they had had; and before long they both recognised the futility of continuing them. Now and then someone would say, "I was in Pine-dale last week. I saw Connie Dawson with Gordon Ross. Weren't you and Connie sweet on each other at one time?"

"You might call it that," Alec would say.

"Well, don't get sore. She said to say hello."

"All right. Thanks."

In time he told himself that he hadn't minded the sound of her name. He told himself that he could look at her picture without nerves jumping inside him. He could be objective about the sound of her voice, the scent of her hair,

the sweetness of her lips, and all the peculiar mannerisms she had.

But now, seeing her, watching the tilt of her head and the line of her jaw as she bent her head over her work, he knew that he had only been kidding himself all along.

She was sweet and lovely, and her lower lip stuck out slightly as it always had when she was concentrating on something. As he stood there, he could remember with frightening clarity the feel of her lips, and so, suddenly, impulsively, he started for the door.

As he opened the door, the two years fell away like a cobweb from a cleaning woman's broom. She was grey-eyed, with a tip-tilted nose, and hair as black as oil soot. Her mouth opened as she saw him, and she got out of her chair. She was no bigger than a pint of milk.

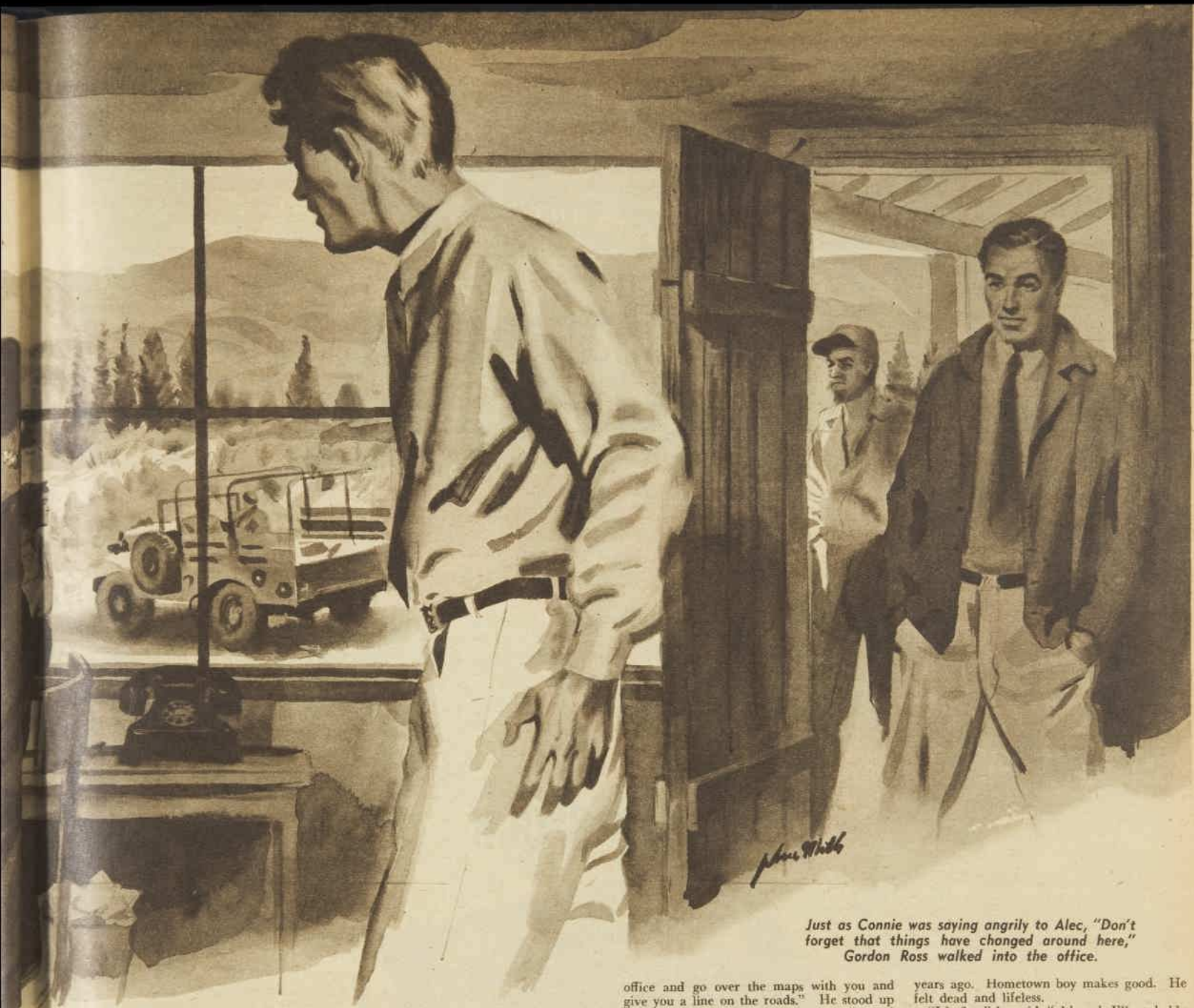
"Alec!" she said. "Alec Marshall!"

He grinned at her and picked her off her feet and said, "Hello, you little squirt." He kissed her and for a moment she kissed him back and then she kicked her heels and struggled in his arms and when he finally put her down she swung from her heels and slapped him so hard that his eyes watered.

"What's the idea?" she said.

He held his cheek with his hand and stared at her. "Well, Connie," he said, "it's been two years, and I just thought —"





Just as Connie was saying angrily to Alec, "Don't forget that things have changed around here," Gordon Ross walked into the office.

"Oh, you just thought, did you?" She put her hands on her hips and looked up at him, and she was hotter than a two-dollar pistol.

"When did you start to think? You think that you can come in here, the big-shot assistant superintendent, and take over everything in the shop, did you? Well, I'm not everything in the shop, and I don't like to be manhandled by every—"

"Cool off!" Alec roared. He punched his chest with a forefinger. "Remember me? Alec Marshall? Forget that big-shot routine. I was dumb enough to think you'd be glad to see me, that's all, so simmer down and don't blow your top."

"You think I'm blowing my top? Ha! Wait till I get started, you long, lanky baboon. Things have changed around here, Alec Marshall, and if you think for one minute that you—"

Gordon Ross walked into the office and Connie stopped speaking. Alec looked at Gordon, and he, in turn, peered at Alec and at Connie. Gordon seemed bigger. In the old days he was lean and tough, but now he looked sleek and well fed.

The responsibilities attendant on being a superintendent had slicked him up a little. Alec conceded that the transformation was an improvement, but it didn't make him like Gordon any better.

"Well, am I interrupting anything?" Gordon said.

"Not at all, Gordon," Connie said. "There's nothing to interrupt."

"No," Alec said. "Not a thing. I was just thinking that two years was two days."

Gordon frowned and thought that over, and then gave Alec a big smile. He put out his hand. "Mighty glad to see you, Alec. I can use a good man."

It was pure corn. Alec knew that Gordon wasn't glad at all, but just wasn't dumb enough to buck Sam Jackson. Gordon was coming along, but he wasn't quite that far along.

Alec shook hands. "Thanks."

"Let's go into my office," Gordon said.

Alec nodded, stepped carefully past Connie. Gordon indicated a chair, sat behind his desk and looked at Alec. "It's been quite a while, Alec."

"Yeah."

"We certainly used to go around in the old days, didn't we?" Gordon shook his head and laughed slightly, as if they had been little children, fighting over marbles; as if it had been twenty years instead of two; as if the difference between them wasn't basic, but instead was some slight squabble that in retrospect was amusing. "Well, what say we bury the hatchet?"

In my skull, Alec thought. Watch yourself, Alec. Gordon Ross is not a man who shrugs off a grudge. If he had come to me with a left hook I would feel better.

"That's O.K. with me," he said.

"That's the stuff. Well, I'll show you your

office and go over the maps with you and give you a line on the roads." He stood up and then looked at Alec speculatively, and said, as if he would derive a great deal from this moment, "By the way, I hope there are no hard feelings about Connie."

"Why should there be?" Alec said, puzzled.

"She's going to be Mrs. Gordon Ross one of these days, and it seemed to me when I came into the office a while ago that you two had been arguing about something. I hope there won't be any friction around here."

Alec felt sick. He supposed in time — a hundred years or so — he could forget Connie. He had told himself all along that he had looked forward to coming back because of the job, and had disavowed all along the sound fact that he had trembled at the knees at the thought of seeing Connie again — seeing her with a sound job in his pocket — seeing her again with nothing to argue about — being able to say, "O.K., Connie, if you still feel the same way." All right, so he was kidding himself.

"Congratulations," he said. "When's the wedding?"

Gordon waved a hand. "No date set. In fact, we haven't mentioned it to anyone, so I'd appreciate it if you didn't say anything either."

"What could I say?" Alec said. It was the truth. What could he say?

"That's it," Gordon said. Well, let's go and see your office."

Gordon showed him his office—the big desk, the swivel chair, the filing cabinets. This should be a big moment for Alec. This was what he had been talking about, two

years ago. Hometown boy makes good. He felt dead and lifeless.

"It's fine," he said, "although I'll probably be out in the shop or out in the woods most of the time."

"Well, you do the job the way you want to do it—that's what you're here for," Gordon said.

"Of course." The only way was to do the job impersonally, efficiently, forgetting Connie and forgetting Gordon except in the course of business.

"We just opened up a new area, Newcomb Hill."

"I know where it is," Alec said.

"The grades aren't too tough. They're having trouble with brake lining on one long downgrade, but outside of that it's O.K."

"I'll look it over in the morning."

"O.K.," Gordon nodded and left him. Alec watched him go into the outer office, bend over Connie's desk and say something to her. She laughed at him and Gordon went on out into the shop.

Alec went over some maps of the area, and then he went out into the shop and talked to the mechanics and the shop foreman.

He looked over the set-up and he talked to some of the drivers—getting a line on things, trying not to let them think he was throwing his weight around.

That evening he got himself a room at Mrs. O'Brien's, and that night he walked downtown, stopped at the main intersection and stood with his hands in his pockets, the memories washing over him like water from a shower.

He looked across the street at Luke's

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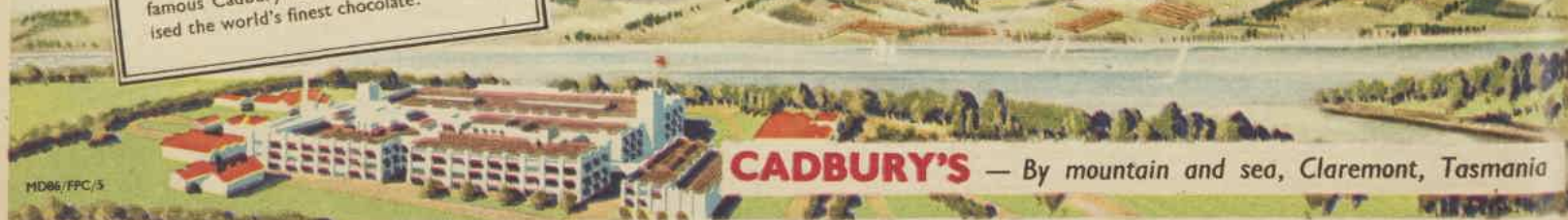


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MD86/FPC/5

THE MAN WHO KNEW VAN GOGH

A short short story

BY BURT HENLEY

ILLUSTRATED BY BOOTHROYD

APRIL! And a beautiful day, as perhaps days can be beautiful only in the south of France; but as I came into Arles, the narrow, irregular streets of the town itself left me rather disappointed.

It was early afternoon when I pulled up at a small hotel in the square, and an old man, perhaps seventy, poorly but neatly dressed in a thick suit and heavy boots, was sitting alone at a table under the shade of a faded awning. He watched me drive up and smiled a friendly greeting.

I hesitated a moment, and then walked over to speak to him, framing a question in what I hoped would be my best French. He motioned me to a seat opposite him, and speaking better English than my clumsy French would ever be, he said, "You are a stranger . . . a visitor to our town?"

I nodded and explained that I had come a long way to visit "his town." I asked him to join me in a drink.

I soon told him of my interest in the artist Van Gogh, and, although at first he seemed a little reluctant to talk, this is the story he told.

"Yes, I have lived here all my life. You know that road you just came along? Whenever I think of Vincent Van Gogh I always think of that road.

"I can remember—I was a child, no more than eight or nine at the time—the first time I ever went along there. I was with my mother and I remember a small man with close-cropped hair sitting by the roadside, bare-headed in the strong sun, painting pictures.

"With childish curiosity I went straight up to him. I probably stared very rudely at his paintings and asked a lot of questions that I can't recall. But I know I liked the funny man, and he seemed to like me. When he asked my name and I said 'Vincent,' he was delighted.

"That is my name, too," he said, and patted my head.

The next time we were passing I defied my mother, who had warned me against speaking to the "mad artist," and I went over to him. His lined face wrinkled into a smile and he said, "I am glad you came, Vincent. I have something for you — a ball."

And he spun it in his hand, then threw it high in the air with a quick spinning motion. It was a large rubber ball, the like of which I have never seen before or since.

"As things turned out, if it had just been any old ball, I'd have been better off, or rather . . . But, there, I'm getting ahead of my story.

"It was in fact, just an ordinary ball, but he had painted it in the brightest, richest yellows, in spiralling whirls of light and shade. When he spun it in the air the sun's rays caught it, and gave the exciting impression that pieces of golden color were flying from it.

"It fascinated me, and at first annoyed me, because I could not spin it and get the same thrilling effect; but I soon learned.

"I made it my business to see him often after that, but not with my mother; she thought him quite mad.

"Perhaps you know that this was the period when Van Gogh was painting at his best, when his can-

vases were literally drenched with sun and color.

"One day I was greatly surprised when he called me to him and said, 'See this, Vincent. Do you know who this is?'

"It's me,' I shouted joyously. 'It's me and my ball.'

"Yes. He had made a painting of me. I had thrown the ball into the air, against a background of deep blue sky, and was watching it, waiting with outstretched hands to catch it. He had captured perfectly the magic spinning quality of the yellow ball. I think now, that perhaps also there was the symbolism of youth reaching out for the sun—the sun that Van Gogh himself had searched for and found too late.

"Naturally, at the time, I knew nothing of the painting, except that its color attracted me, and of course, that it was a picture of me.

"Shortly afterwards he ceased painting near where I had been see-

ing him, and I saw him no more.

"And then we moved to another house. When it came to packing, there were many things that I could not take, and there was a tearful scene when I was told that I could take either the ball or the picture — not both.

"Finally, I kept the ball. I suppose that it was a natural choice for a child; but I was to realise much later what an expensive mistake I had made.

"However, I took a knife and cut the signature VINCENT out of the picture. That was my name, too! I could use that . . . and I gummed it on the cover of one of my school books as a sign of possession. The picture was left behind . . . most certainly destroyed, as it was never found.

"Now I'm told that wealthy Americans would pay fifty thousand dollars for such a picture."

He paused and then added some-

what bitterly, "And I kept the ball . . . and this."

He drew from inside his coat a tattered volume and, opening it, handed it over to me. On the inside cover, pasted crookedly but firmly, was a colorful VINCENT.

"I don't know why I keep the book," he said, almost sadly. "It only grieves and angers me every time I think of the terrible thing I did. It was many years before I found this again in an old box of books that had been stored away. Van Gogh was famous then, and I could have sold it many times over. But I didn't need the money."

He still didn't need the money; but he sold it to me. After a further conversation I persuaded him to part with it for a sum of francs that I don't like to think about now.

When the old man went and left me with the signature, I couldn't believe my luck. I decided then to stay at the hotel for a few days.

I went inside and made the arrangements with the innkeeper. He told me where my room was and what time the meals were served, and as he handed me my key, he said, "I saw you speaking to old Vincent outside."

"Yes," I replied. "A most interesting man. Most interesting. As a matter of fact, I was very lucky."

"He sold you Van Gogh's signature . . . yes?" he interrupted, his eyes smiling with good-natured anticipation.

"Yes," I said, unable to keep a note of surprise out of my voice. "He did. But how did you know?"

He laughed indulgently.

"Don't feel too badly. You are not the only one. Old Vincent has been selling signatures of Van Gogh for years, and, anyway, his story is partly true: I believe he did know Van Gogh."

(Copyright)



With childish curiosity the boy went up to the artist and stared at the painting.

SKY HIGH

Entertaining new serial . . .

an attractive and unusual
mystery story set in a
quiet little English village

By **MICHAEL GILBERT**

ILLUSTRATED BY LASKIE

"CHRIST," said Mrs. Artside pleasantly. "Not Kerr-rist."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Artside."
"That's all right, Lucy. It's a difficult word to sing. Jesus is much better, and, of course, Jesu is easiest of all, but we've got to take what the hymnographers give us. Let's do it again from the beginning."

She sat down at the bench, which protested a little under her weight, and laid her thick, wrinkled fingers on the keys of the portable harmonium. The choir once more attacked Charles Wesley's great morning hymn.

"That's not bad," said Mrs. Artside at the finish. "Not bad at all. There's no need to look quite so down in the mouth, Maurice, when you're singing 'dark and cheerless in the morn.' I'm all in favor of expression, but you needn't act it. That covers the hymns for the next two weeks, so now—"

"What's the last hymn next Sunday, Mrs. Artside?"
"Hundred and Sixty-six. Old Hundredth. You all know that. We'll have the treble descant for verse three. O enter then His Courts with praise. All right, Rupert?"

Rupert Cleeve nodded sombrely. Beside the three Hedges boys, thought Mrs. Artside, he looked like a greyhound puppy in a litter of collies. Where they were slow, shaggy-brown, and already thickening out into small replicas of their huge father, Rupert was thin, pale, and a bundle of controlled nerves. Dress him in a frilly collar and a satin suit, and he would take the shine out of any Hollywood Fauntleroy. Even in a plain flannel suit he looked good enough to eat.

"All right, then."

"What about the psalms?"

"Plantagenet, Llandudno, and Snagge," said Mrs. Artside rapidly. "It's no good getting ambitious if we're to make time for an anthem. After all, it's the first one we've done since the Christmas before last. Hand the sheets round, would you, Tim."

The thick young man in tweed jacket and slacks distributed the anthem, and the choir, from Ellen, the youngest Hedges girl, to big Jim Hedges himself, in his best black, stared with dutiful curiosity at the symbols spread out before them, symbols which their unstinting efforts had but three weeks to turn into a river of liquid harmony.

Only Major MacMorris, the Cantoris tenor, seemed unperturbed. He glanced in quick, professional manner through the score and bent across to say something to Sue Palling, the Cantoris Alto.

Tim Artside noticed the movement, but did nothing about it. There were five yards of vestry floor between them, and in church and directly under his mother's eye was not the best place to start a fight.

"Come, ye thankful people, come," said Mrs. Artside. "We can't run to first and second trebles, so I think, on the whole, we'll stick to first. The tenor solo—that'll be safe enough—"

Major MacMorris exposed his white teeth in a smile. He assumed, correctly, that the compliment was being paid to him. Tim Artside chalked that one up, too.

"I'd better do the bass voluntary—ere the winter storms begin—unless—" she looked politely at Jim Hedges, who grinned and said that on the whole he thought Mrs. Artside would do it better than he.

"There's no alto solo—"

"Thank heavens," said Sue Palling and Lucy Mallory in most perfect unison.

"I suggest we take it straight through. Start on the tenth beat—like this—" She sketched the introduction nimbly on the harmonium, and at the appropriate moment burst out with the word "COME" in her resonant bass.

"All right—once more, then—I want you all to come in this time—plenty of attack. Da dum diddy dee—Dum dum—dum dum—COME—Yes, what is it, Rupert?"

"May I leave the room?"

"I should have thought you could have lasted four pages of music without—all right, all right—we won't argue about it. You ought to know."

Rupert walked sedately from the vestry and closed the door behind him. All his movements were composed and unselfconsciously neat.

"While we're waiting for Rupert we might run through the treble part. All ready? On the down beat. Come,

ye thankful people, come. Raise the song of harvest home. Oh, dear. That wasn't very good, was it?"

It was evident that the trebles leaned on Rupert.

"Try it once more. Well, that's a little better. Perhaps if the altos backed you up this time—"

"Come to God's own temple, come. Raise the song of Harvest Home."

The thin wailing drew to a close.

"Wouldn't raise the price of beer," said Jim Hedges. He spoke with the authority of one who was not only the father of five-sixths of the trebles—but also owned and drove the only taxi in Brimberley.

"It hasn't got much attack," agreed Mrs. Artside. "It'll get better with practice, I expect. Here's Rupert, at last. Try it once more."

It went better this time. The bass, which consisted for the most part of a repetition of the words "Harvest Home, Harvest Home," was safe enough in the hands of Jim Hedges, who, in forty years, had sung every part in Brimberley choir from treble and wobbling alto through green-stick tenor down to the comfortable depths of bass.

Major MacMorris made child's play of the tenor, rebelliously followed by Tim Artside, who was reliable if he had someone to help him start, but had no idea of striking the initial note. Lucy Mallory and Sue Palling were, at best, moderate altos.

"I think we shall make out," said Mrs. Artside at last. "We've got two more Tuesdays before the big day, and I'd like one private run with the trebles. Friday? No, that's Institute Night. Next Monday, then. It'll save opening the church up if you can come to my house."

On behalf of five of the trebles, Jim Hedges agreed that Monday was as good an evening as any. Rupert said he would find out.

"Come to that, I can ask your father tonight," said Mrs. Artside. "He's driving over to collect you. Thank you, Lucy. If you'd just put the psalters back in the choir stalls. You'll want them all on Sunday. I'll take the anthems home with me for next Monday. Would you lock up, Tim? I've got to hurry back home and put the coffee on. Are you going to be in this evening? The key goes back to the Vicar. If he isn't in you can put it through his letter-box, but I think he must be in; it's Confirmation Class."

"All right," said Tim.

"You know there isn't a key for the inner vestry—"

"I've locked up this church at least twelve times," said Tim. "You go and get the coffee ready. And, reverting to your last remark but three, I don't think I shall be joining you, but if I do I am capable of getting out another cup. And who's taking Rupert home?"

"He can come on the back of my motor-cycle," said Mrs. Artside. "Would you like that, Rupert?"

"All right," said Rupert. Even the thought of riding pillion to Mrs. Artside did not seem to stir his remarkable soul.

Left to himself, Tim bolted the outside door of the vestry, fastened the window, and locked the anthem cupboard. He could hear the sounds of the choir dispersing; the dominant note that was the squeal of the Hedges children, who seemed to recover full voice the moment they got outside the church.

He grinned as he heard the eldest boy, Maurice, chanting "Kerr-rist, Kerr-rist, Kerr-rist." The deep roar of his mother's motor-cycle, rising as she changed gear for the corner, diminishing as she swung into the road, and muttering away into the distance. Heavy footsteps on the gravel—Jim Hedges, he judged—and the rattle of Lucy Mallory's voice.

He stepped out into the body of the church, shut the heavy inner doorway of the vestry, and made his way slowly through the choir into the aisle. All around him in the quiet dimness was the church smell of hassocks and coconut matting and lamp oil and holiness.

Out in the porch he could still hear voices. One was MacMorris. He would have recognised anywhere those amazingly gentlemanly

cadences. The other was young Sue. She was laughing. MacMorris said, "But you don't do that sort of thing at Blackpool."

She laughed again.

Tim stepped through, shut the wicket door, and turned the key. Sue and MacMorris were walking slowly along the path. They halted as he came into line with them. "Oh, hullo, Artside," said MacMorris. "Turned cold, hasn't it?"

"Seasonable for the time of year," said Tim. "You walking home, Sue?"

"I promised Major MacMorris I'd go with him."

"You promised me first."

"Did I?" said Sue. She sounded genuinely surprised.

"Well, old boy," said MacMorris judiciously, "why don't we all go together?"

"Because, old boy," said Tim, "I've got something I want to tell Miss Palling, and I don't particularly want it broadcast over half of Brimberley."

A brittle silence impended.

"I may be wrong, but that sounded to me rather offensive."

"It wasn't meant to be particularly offensive, or non-offensive, for that matter. It was just a thought. Are you coming, Sue?"

Sue's face set angrily. "I'm not moving from here until you've apologised to Major MacMorris," she said tersely. "Apologised," said Tim blandly. "But for what?"

"For behaving like a silly little schoolboy."

"If I'm behaving like a silly little schoolboy, may I suggest that MacMorris—I beg his pardon, Major MacMorris—was behaving like a silly little grown-up."

"Really, Artside, what do you mean?"

"Possibly I misunderstood you. I thought he was offering to walk home in the gloaming with—"

"Oh," said Sue. "What a beastly thing to say. I—really—"

She looked at MacMorris. There was a pause in the proceedings, broken only by Tim, who was whistling quietly through his teeth.

MacMorris seemed to appreciate that the next step was with him. He cleared his throat.

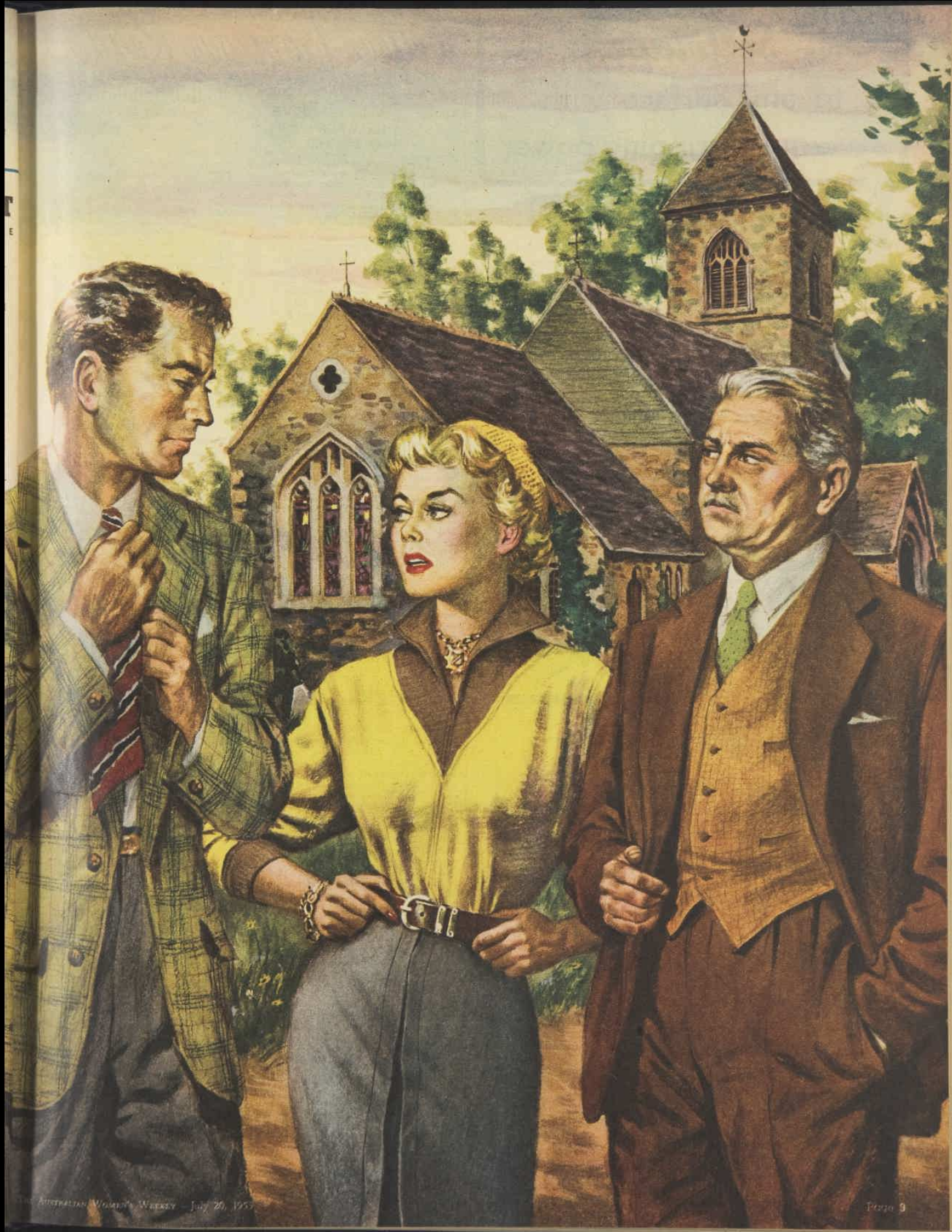
"I think," he said, "that we're both behaving stupidly." He turned to Sue. "If my offer offended you—"

"Of course it didn't."

"Then I'm sorry it should have been

To page 46

"I'm not moving from here until you've apologised to Major MacMorris," Sue told Tim tersely.



Only "Sellotape" sticks
to any surface with
25% more gripping power



Sealing 'round the
house with "Sellotape"



"Sellotape" is 25% wider...so 25% greater grip!
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kinds of weather. And because it's 25% wider, you use less - so "Sellotape" saves you money, too! "Seal it with 'Sellotape'."



3 yard (108") refill - 10 1/2 d.
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ST91

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for
the best letter of the
week as well as 10/6
for every letter pub-
lished on this page.

THIS WEEK'S BEST LETTER

"DON'T leave it to others, but do it yourself" is an admirable rule, but there is one rather irritating aspect of it. This is indiscriminate self-praise. I am amazed how often otherwise likeable women annoy with this habit. I quote: "I met Millie and she said I look absolutely cute today," or "The doctor said, 'Mrs. S., you are a beautiful woman. Not many manage to look so young at your age,'" or "I don't know why, but the boys all flock round me at dances." So it goes on, and the embarrassed listener must force a smile of confirmation, yet at the same time silently regret that her friend has, with her utterances, actually lost the prestige she is anxious to achieve.

£1/1/- to "Hush" (name supplied), Holland Park, Brisbane.

I HAD read of the custom of New Zealand people who, when on an outing in the country, take with them hardy plants from their gardens and plant them where they have had their picnic. I decided to adopt this grand idea, so, armed with perennial phlox and chrysanthemums, I set off and planted them by a stream. On going back to the spot months later I was delighted to find the plants were coming into bud. If we all followed this idea we could make some really pretty corners in our lovely bush.

10/6 to "Flora" (name supplied), Geelong, Vic.

RECENTLY I asked an acquaintance whether he had seen a certain film. His reply, "I haven't saw it yet," roused me to writing this letter. Eight out of ten Australians cannot speak the Queen's English. How many times a day do we hear "I don't know nothing about it," "I done that," "He just got beat." Correct English is taught in our schools. How, then, can this atrocious grammar be explained?

10/6 to "Better English" (name supplied), Newtown, N.S.W.

ALL those who have the welfare of children at heart must be increasingly concerned at the critical staffing situation in N.S.W. schools. For example, 46,000 new pupils are expected in N.S.W. secondary schools before 1960, and 2300 additional teachers and 77 new schools will be needed for them. It is only when we realise what these figures mean in human terms that the real seriousness of the situation becomes apparent. They mean that very soon all children in State schools, from infancy to late adolescence, may not be receiving the education that is surely their right. From the teacher's point of view, the figures mean days filled with teaching in overcrowded rooms, and nights spent in preparation, correction, and clerical work for which no time is left in school hours; and always there is the frustration of knowing he is unable, for lack of time, to do the job of which he feels himself capable. It is not surprising to find teachers giving up their work for other professions. Only by making teachers' salaries sufficiently rewarding and by instituting a building programme to improve their working conditions can the Government ensure that the future of our children will not be jeopardised by inadequate training in their formative years.

10/6 to Lorraine Olsen, Kogarah, N.S.W.

THE attitude of some single women towards married women who work is hard to understand, especially as there are so many jobs waiting to be filled. The majority of married women work for two main reasons - to assist their husbands to buy homes and to give their children the education and opportunity they missed themselves.

10/6 to "Necessary" (name supplied), Hobart.

IT is not uncommon in winter to see shop assistants with heavy colds making sandwiches and serving foodstuffs. This is offensive to customers and is unhealthy. Shop proprietors should make sure their staff members do not offend in this way, by sending them home until they recover.

10/6 to "Anti-Sneeze" (name supplied), Coogee, N.S.W.

Pink for a boy

I AGREE with "Pink for Fashion" that it is time men changed their monotonous grey and navy-blue clothing for something brighter (The Australian Women's Weekly, 6/7/55). My brother-in-law wears a pink shirt with light blue trousers and dark blue coat, and they look far from laughable, but very attractive.

10/6 to "In the Pink" (name supplied), Herne Bay, N.S.W.

Girls' education

I AGREE with Miss Joyce Stapleton that money spent on furthering a girl's education is not wasted although she may marry young (The Australian Women's Weekly, 29/6/55). No one knows what the future holds. Many mothers are widowed early in married life, and alone must rear and maintain their children. They are at a serious disadvantage if they are not trained for some profession. Another argument in favor of education is that an educated mother is really qualified to guide her children in many ways.

10/6 to "A Mother" (name supplied), Gooray, Qld.

POSSIBLY Miss Joyce Stapleton is right in most cases. I spent five years at a secondary school my parents could ill afford, passed the Leaving Certificate Examination well - and was married 12 months later. The smattering of foreign languages, botany, and trigonometry I learnt was little use in running a home and raising a family. When I was able to take an outside job, I went to a factory because the hours were suitable for a working housewife, the pay was good, and I had no qualifications for anything else.

10/6 to "Forty-Odd" (name supplied), Campsie, N.S.W.

Family Affairs

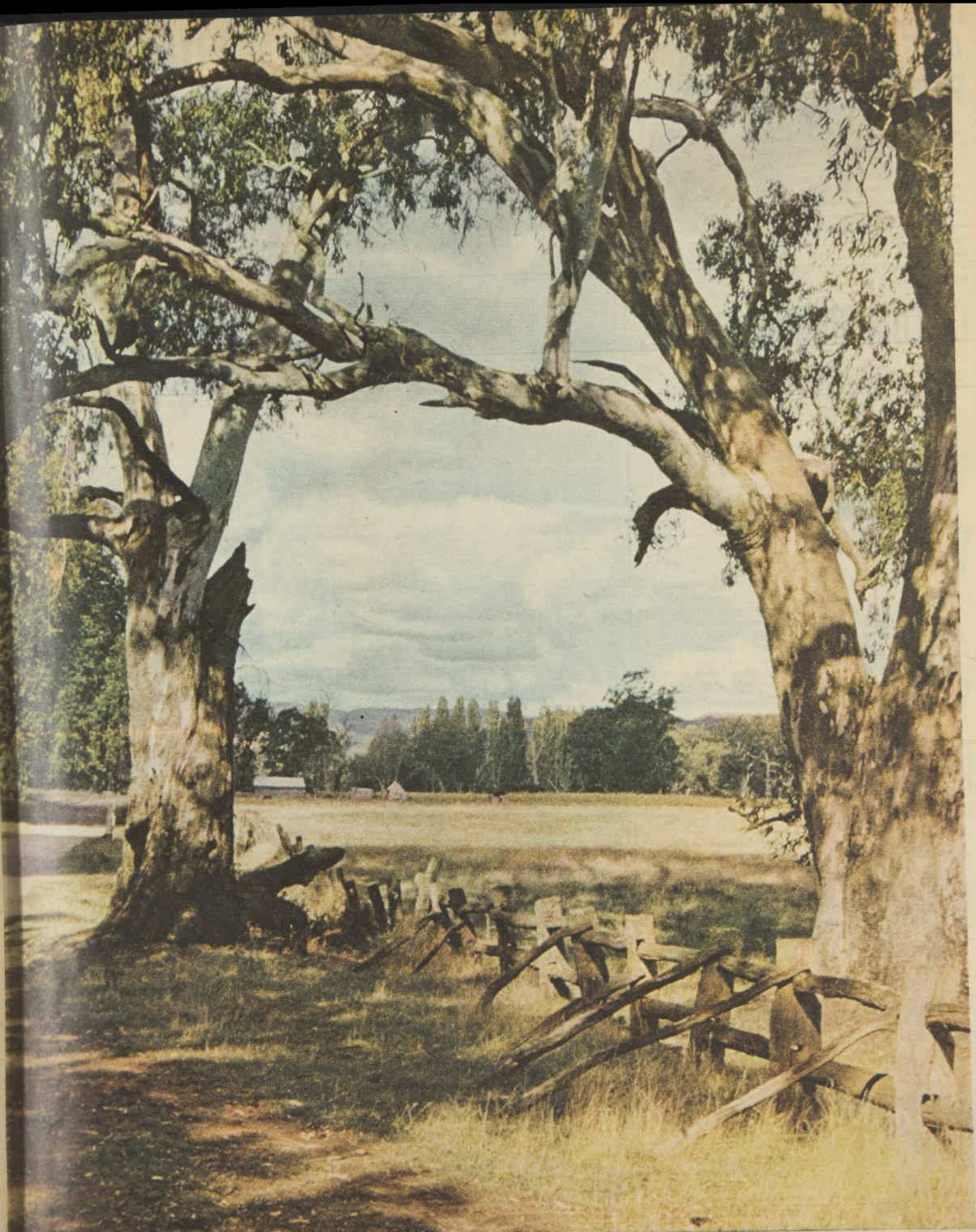
• Every family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

MY husband was never satisfied with the way I ironed his shirts. Every time he put on a clean one he complained about some little detail that was not to his liking.

At last I could stand it no longer, so I sent his shirts to the laundry without telling him, and when they were returned I put them in his drawer. But the grumbling grew worse. "Look at this," he raged, pointing out a crumpled collar. "You're going from bad to worse. After this I'm taking my washing to a laundry." I promptly got the laundry receipts and pushed them under his nose.

He hadn't a word to say, and since then has never complained of the way I launder his linen.

£1/1/- to Mrs. D.D. (name supplied), Ballarat, Vic.



BEAUTIFUL AUSTRALIA

ROADSIDE VIEW near Tumut, New South Wales. The present site of Tumut was first reached by early explorers Hume and Hovell on an expedition in 1824, when they crossed a river which local aborigines called Tumut. The meaning of the name is obscure, but it is said to be "by the river: a plain; or a camping ground." It was sometimes spelt Boomut. This scene, taken by Mr. John L. Wray, of Beecroft, N.S.W., is about three-quarters of a mile from the town. Anglers hope that work on the Snowy River Scheme will not spoil their trout fishing.

CHILDREN ARE A PROBLEM..



Even to publishers of Children's Books. We solved our problem by having all CHILD APPROVED BOOKS tested by children themselves, working in groups under skilled leaders in the fields of children's creative activities. And following that we submit them for approval to educators, church authorities, Youth Leaders and child psychologists. So you can be sure that CHILD APPROVED BOOKS will appeal to the age groups for which they are designed.

CHILD APPROVED BOOKS

58 big pages (42 x 8 1/2) strongly bound. Colourful, washable, varnished board covers. At all good department stores, chain and book stores, and newsagents everywhere. 2/6 each.



SEWING BOOK (8-12 years). Daughter and mother will learn from this informative book. Dress-making, designing dolls' clothes, etc.

MAGIC MADE EASY (8-12 years). Children can be the life of the party, performing with the tricks in this book.

PAPER FUN (6-11 years). Hundreds of projects to make with paper, from aeroplanes to dolls.

COOK BOOK (7-12 years). Every child likes to work in the kitchen making sandwiches, toffee, frankfurters and other simple dishes. This book shows how.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY (8-13 years). Planning a party? Then this book is a must, from costumes to games.

PLAYBOOK OF LEARNING (4-7 years). The first book of learning presented in an interesting manner.

HOW, WHEN AND WHY (7-12 years). Over 1,000 questions and answers most commonly asked by children.

LOTS OF THINGS TO DO (7-12 years). Hundreds of hours with pencil and paper. Puzzles, drawing lessons, and games.

A NATURE BOOK (8-12 years). Fascinating things children should know about the wide open spaces.

DRAWING MADE EASY (7-13 years). This book will actually show how to draw. Simple projects and instructions for the beginner.

SPACE, TIME, ROCKETS (8-13 years). The subject children want to know more about. Experts have written and designed this book.

BOOK OF HOBBIES (6-11 years). Hobbies provide fun, recreation and education, besides developing into life-long interests.

A BOOK FOR EVERY AGE

NEW FILM SHOOTING



PIERRE CRESSOY meets some of the cast of "We Into Paradise." Pierre plays the crocodile-hunter hero. He says, "I hope very much the crocodiles are made of plastic. Me, I am strictly a lady-killer."



CANDY MITCHELL, 19, a Sydney model, was chosen as stand-in for French star Francoise Christophe by Marcel Pagliero, dialogue director for the film. Candy's cute cap doesn't match the elaborate head-dresses and hair styles of other players pictured with her.



REG LYE, Australian actor, who is a prospector in the film, has a joke with a New Guinea "boy" wearing battle dress for his film role.



AUSTRALIAN director Lee Robinson, at left, briefs natives in the film. Continuity girl Joy Cavill takes notes of all directions given. All photographs on these pages were taken by Alton Fraser.

"WALK INTO PARADISE" IN NEW GUINEA

★ Australia's growing film industry took a step forward when work began on location in New Guinea on the color film "Walk Into Paradise." This is the first bi-lingual film made by Australian film producer Chips Rafferty, director Lee Robinson, and French producer Paul Edmond Decharme.



CHIC French make-up artist Jannine Jarreau, who arrived in New Guinea deeply sun-tanned from a holiday on the Riviera, begins to make up Chips Rafferty for his starring role as a patrol officer.



THE GRANDEUR of New Guinea is shown in this panoramic picture. The two boys look ahead at the film unit trekking back to the village specially built for them in the Osaro Valley, 5500 feet up in the ranges, 16 miles from Goroka.



ONE OF THE village pigs, which is highly valued, is introduced to Pierre Croasoy and lovely Francoise Christophe, glamorous French film star who plays the part of the heroine, a woman doctor with the United Nations. Francoise is 29 and began her acting career ten years ago. She met Chips at the airport and said immediately, "Eh, Australian men, si grand . . . si bon."



NEW GUINEA natives who take part in the film are a magnificent sight bedecked in their wonderful head-dresses. The head-dresses are made of plumes of the birds of paradise and racket-tailed kingfisher feathers embedded in a fur head-piece. Some of the ceremonial head-dresses measure up to three feet in height.



1940

The miracle of Dunkirk—15 years ago. Who can forget it! And amidst all the confusion of wartime a young newly married couple were setting up their home.

For the loose covers and curtains they bought a Sanderson printed linen—50 yards of it! This has worn so well, throughout years of laundering and sunshine, that they wrote to tell us the story; which finishes . . .

Gloucestershire, June 1953.

The condition of the material is frankly perfect - no sign of wear, and the colours as brilliant as ever. We are convinced of the truth of the old saying 'The best is always the cheapest'.

that's the kind of thing people say about

SANDERSON FABRICS

You will find the name on the selvedge. MADE AT UXBRIDGE, MIDDLESEX, ENGLAND. SUPPLIED TO ALL THE LEADING STORES IN THE SIX STATES OF AUSTRALIA.

FOUR streamlined Hillman Minx cars like this one are prizes in our Ideal Wife and Mother Contest.



IDEAL WIFE AND MOTHER CONTEST RESULTS

This week we are happy to announce the results of The Australian Women's Weekly Ideal Wife and Mother Contest, prizes for which are four streamlined Hillman Minx cars.

The cars, which are registered and insured for a twelve months' period, are valued at more than £1000 each. Two cars have been won outright—one in N.S.W., the other in Q'land.

THE winners of the other two cars are yet unknown, because five people have tied with entries of equal merit.

These five competitors have been notified that they will have to take part in a further elimination contest.

Winners

The two outright winners are:

Miss I. Stibbard, 446 Summer Street, East Orange, N.S.W.

Mrs. H. Botwright, 23 Rome Street, Coorparoo, Brisbane.

Miss Stibbard was first with the first four points in her entry correct.

Mrs. Botwright was second with the first three points and the ninth point correct.

The five who tied with the next best entries are:

Mrs. John Doherty, 12 Hocking Avenue, Earlwood, N.S.W.

Mrs. Jean Cook, 34 Turrana Street, Stafford, Brisbane.

Valma Boness, 23 Brunswick Road, West Brunswick, Vic.

Mrs. E. H. Clarke, Victoria Street, St. George, Qld.

Mrs. L. D. Webster, 14 Wallira Street, South Plympton, S. Aust.

Each of these five competitors had the first three points in their entries correct.

In the elimination contest the remaining competitors have been asked to select the twelve qualities they think are most needed by the ideal wife and mother from the remaining 20 suggestions listed. They must then place them in order of merit.

The twelve winning qualities were not known until after

the closing date of our contest, when a panel of six prominent professional men listed in their order of preference the whole of the 32 qualities.

Their answers were computed on a preferential basis, and the first twelve answers were the right ones.

The winning answers in the elimination contest will be the next twelve preferences on the judges' secret list. These preferences, like the first twelve, will remain a secret until after the closing date for the second part of our contest.

The twelve winning suggestions:

1. Femininity (No. 12).
2. Personal attractiveness (No. 8).
3. Sense of humor (No. 14).
4. Unselfishness (No. 26).
5. Tact (No. 22).
6. Integrity (No. 29).
7. Cheerfulness (No. 28).
8. Ability to run a home (No. 21).

9. Comradeliness (No. 25).
10. Patience (No. 6).
11. Self-reliance (No. 19).
12. Skill at cooking (No. 2).

The remaining 20 suggestions with their original numbers are:

- Interests and hobbies outside the home (No. 1).
- Competence in housework (No. 3).
- Frankness (No. 4).
- Cleanliness in the home (No. 5).
- Sewing skill (Nos. 7 and 13).
- Competence in budgeting (No. 9).
- Neighborhoodness (No. 10).
- Ability as a hostess (No. 11).
- Punctuality (No. 15).
- Personal neatness (No. 16).
- Home handicrafts skill (No. 17).
- Tolerance (No. 18).
- Understanding of current affairs (No. 20).

- Interest in community affairs (No. 23).
- Courtesy (No. 24).
- Good listening ability (No. 27).
- Ability to show affection (No. 30).

Nursing skill (No. 31).

Forgiving spirit (No. 32).

In the meantime, while the five competitors are working out their next choice of qualities for their ideal wife and mother, arrangements are being made for our two car winners to collect their prizes.

Registration forms which have to be filled in and signed are now on their way to Miss Stibbard and Mrs. Botwright. When these have been completed they will be able to drive their cars away from the showrooms where the presentations will be made.

Both winners will receive their cars at showrooms in their home State.

NEW SOUTH WALES:

John McGrath Motors (Pty.) Ltd., 255 Elizabeth Street, Sydney.

QUEENSLAND:

John McGrath Motors (Pty.) Ltd., 324 Wickham Street, The Valley, Brisbane.

£2000 Embroidery Competition

SKILL at embroidery, for which experts say Australians are noted, can win you prizes totalling hundreds of pounds in our £2000 Embroidery Competition.

There are six sections in all, covering embroidered articles ranging from dinner and luncheon cloths to d'oyleys. One section is for men competitors only, and there are sections for teenagers and children.

The competition is open until November 30, so there is plenty of time to get busy on a new piece of work, or to finish something started earlier in the year. Each entry must be accompanied by the official form, but entries will not be received until November 1.

Every article entered must have been embroidered during 1955. Work done previously will not be accepted.

Full prize lists and entry forms are obtainable at traced needlework counters in shops. These may be obtained also by sending a stamped, addressed envelope to "Embroidery Competition," Box 7052 G.P.O., Sydney.

The prize for the champion entry is £500. Other big prizes range from £200 for a cloth 36in. x 36in. or larger to £5. There are more than 150 consolation prizes.

No points will be awarded for types of edging used, but all entries must be finished in some way by hand or by machine. A machine edge is sufficient.

NATURE'S TREATMENT FOR HOARSENESS

Even talking can distress a strained throat. Soothe yours with one of these palatable hard gums. Kiddies love them, too!



HARD GUMS IN HANDY ROLL PACK

WORKING WIVES

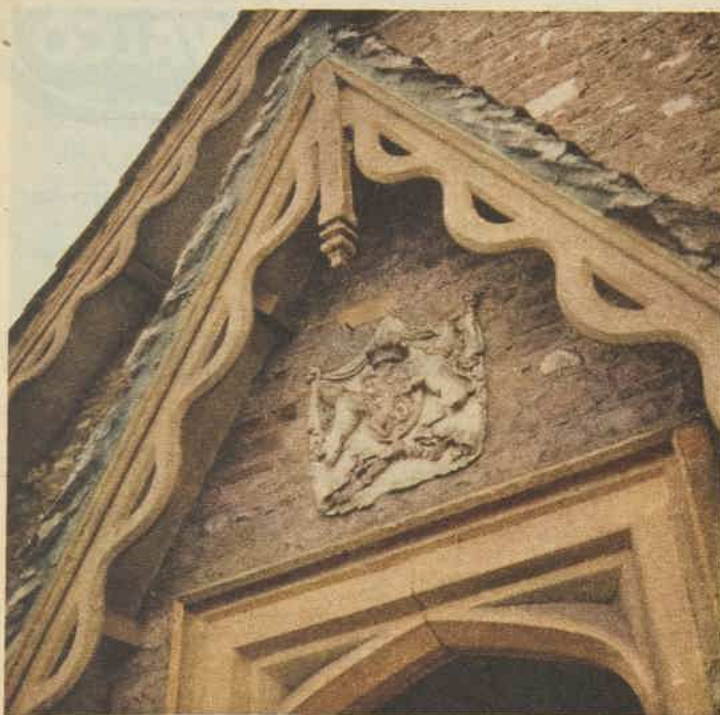


SHE HANDLES PATIENTS PERFECTLY. To be a dental nurse you should be quick-thinking, neat and very particular about your hands—like Mrs. Gordon, of 106 Archer Street, Chatswood. Mrs. Gordon's a dental nurse working to help save for a trip overseas. Asked how she keeps her hands so soft and smooth with all her own housework to do, she says: "I take good care of my hands. For instance, I always use Persil on washday because it is kindest to my skin. And Persil washes cleaner than anything else—my uniforms are always absolutely snowy."

Australian takes up his earldom



TORTWORTH CHURCH, on the estate of the Earl of Ducie, in Gloucestershire, England. Five generations of the Ducie family are buried in the church graveyard. The church is in a valley beneath the Earl's house in the old village.



DUCIE COAT OF ARMS above the schoolhouse. It also appears on many other buildings on the estates. The coat of arms is a moorcock's head with the motto "Perseverando," meaning By Persevering. Estates include a big quarry.



● When the 38-year-old Queenslander who is the sixth Earl of Ducie went to England and took over his inheritance, he rolled up his sleeves and tackled in a very business-like way the exacting job of managing the large family estates in Gloucestershire.

SOON the Earl of Ducie's name became a legend throughout the country for his ability to cut through red tape and get things done. Lawyers, accountants, agents, and tenants on his estate have all been impressed with his knack of getting on with the job.

"They used to think I was impatient," Lord Ducie told me. Now they realise it's the way we like to get things done back home. And they know it's the way I'm going to get things done here."

Basil Howard Moreton, now sixth Earl of Ducie, was a farmer at Pialba, near Maryborough, Queensland, when he inherited the title and estates from his uncle, the fifth Earl, in 1952.

Ten months ago the Earl and his Countess (she is also an Australian and was Miss Alison Bates, of Pialba) left their Queensland farm to live on the family estates in Gloucestershire. Everyone on the estates was delighted. "We need a young man with his drive and outlook," one of his tenant farmers said to me.

The Ducie estates comprise 5000 acres, 25 farms, the five villages of Tortworth, Falfield, Crowhall, Wickwar and Charfield, and a large industrial quarry known as Comweel Quarries Ltd. This quarry, at which stone for road-making is obtained, is such a large undertaking that it is run by a manager as an independent business.

There is also "Tortworth Court," the ancestral home of the Ducies, but no longer the family seat. The fifth Earl sold the old mansion to the Government after it had been requisitioned, and it is now used as a prison.

The country folk were pleased, too, when the new Earl revived some of the pleasant customs the fifth Earl, his uncle, had observed at Tortworth. These include the traditional "shoot" over the estates, where there is some of the best rough shooting in the county.

The Earl had his first shooting party within a week of his arrival. There were six "guns" and they had a record bag.

Said Major Gourlay, a neighbor: "This was always a good shoot. In fact, it was famous before the war. It is splendid for us that the young Earl is not breaking up the estates."

However, to pay heavy death duties, Lord Ducie is selling two of his farms. This will reduce his acres to 4500—still a very sizeable estate for that part of England.

Beneath the hill on which "Tortworth Court" is situated is a deep, placid lake stocked with fine trout. "Some of the best fishing in Gloucestershire," one of the shooting party told me. But Lord Ducie has not yet had time to fish.

The Ducie estates are also the territory of the

Berkeley Hunt, but neither Lord nor Lady Ducie hunt. "We don't really approve," said Lady Ducie, "but so many people in this county love hunting we don't intend to spoil their pleasure by forbidding them to hunt over our ground."

"Many of our tenants and the local farmers hunt with the Berkeley."

The Master of the Fox Hounds is Captain Berkeley. "A very jolly chap," Lord Ducie said.

The Ducie estates are the second largest in the county. The largest belongs to the Duke of Beaufort, and it adjoins the Ducie estates.

Because "Tortworth Court" has been sold, Lord and Lady Ducie with their children, four-year-old David, who is Lord Moreton, and 13-month-old Lady Jeannette Moreton, live in the schoolmaster's house in Tortworth village.

It is a modest but comfortable house, completely modernised with central heating, hot and cold water, and electrically equipped kitchen. "I like my home very much," Lady Ducie said. "It is cosy and very easy to run."

"We could have taken over one of the large farmhouses on the estates," Lord Ducie said, "but

we prefer comfort to rustic charm. Those old farmhouses look very attractive, but they need a lot of money spent on them."

Hothouse orchids grown by prisoners at "Tortworth Court" fill the Ducies' drawing-room. The prison gardens, with their rare flowers, are the most beautiful in the county.

"Prison labor is cheap," said Lord Ducie. "We never could have afforded to keep up 'Tortworth Court.' My uncle spent more on heating than we have to live on now," he added, turning up some old bills for fuel for the ancestral home.

"My aunts hoped we would open up 'Tortworth Court' when I succeeded to the title, but this would have been impossible. As it had been requisitioned for a prison, I think it was right to sell it to the Crown."

Lord Ducie's aunts are Lady Constance, Lady May, Lady Ada, and Lady Irmengarde. They all live in Queensland.

Emma, Dowager Countess of Ducie, whose husband was the fifth Earl, also lives in Queensland.

"Aunt Emma's personal maid, Mrs. Diamond now works for us and she 'mothers' me," Lady Ducie said.

Mrs. Diamond knows how things were done at "Tortworth Court" and is always at hand to put the young Countess right when she wants advice.

The mantelpiece in the Ducies' home is covered with invitations. "They arrive at the rate of three a day," Lord Ducie said. "The people are

From **ANNE MATHESON**,
of our London staff



LEFT: The village schoolhouse is typical of the many old buildings on the estates, which include five villages and twenty-five farms. Lord Ducie is selling two of his farm properties.

ABOVE: Lord Ducie at his desk. Administration of his estates takes up much of his time, but he is farming one of his own properties. He will take a course in estate management.

LORD DUCIE CUTS RED TAPE

genuinely friendly, but my wife and I don't care a lot for social life.

Lady Ducie, however, has consented to open bazaars this season. "Just one or two connected with the church."

Lord and Lady Ducie are regular churchgoers. They attend the village church, where prisoners from "Tortworth Court" sing in the choir.

"We go to 'Tortworth Court' regularly every Saturday evening at the invitation of the prison governor to see the plays put on by the prisoners," Lord Ducie told me.

"Tortworth Court" is a beautiful building situated on top of a hill where fruit trees are covered with blossoms in the spring. Visitors are not allowed in the prison and cameras must not be taken into the grounds.

As a special privilege, Lord Ducie is allowed to motor through the prison grounds when driving around his estates.

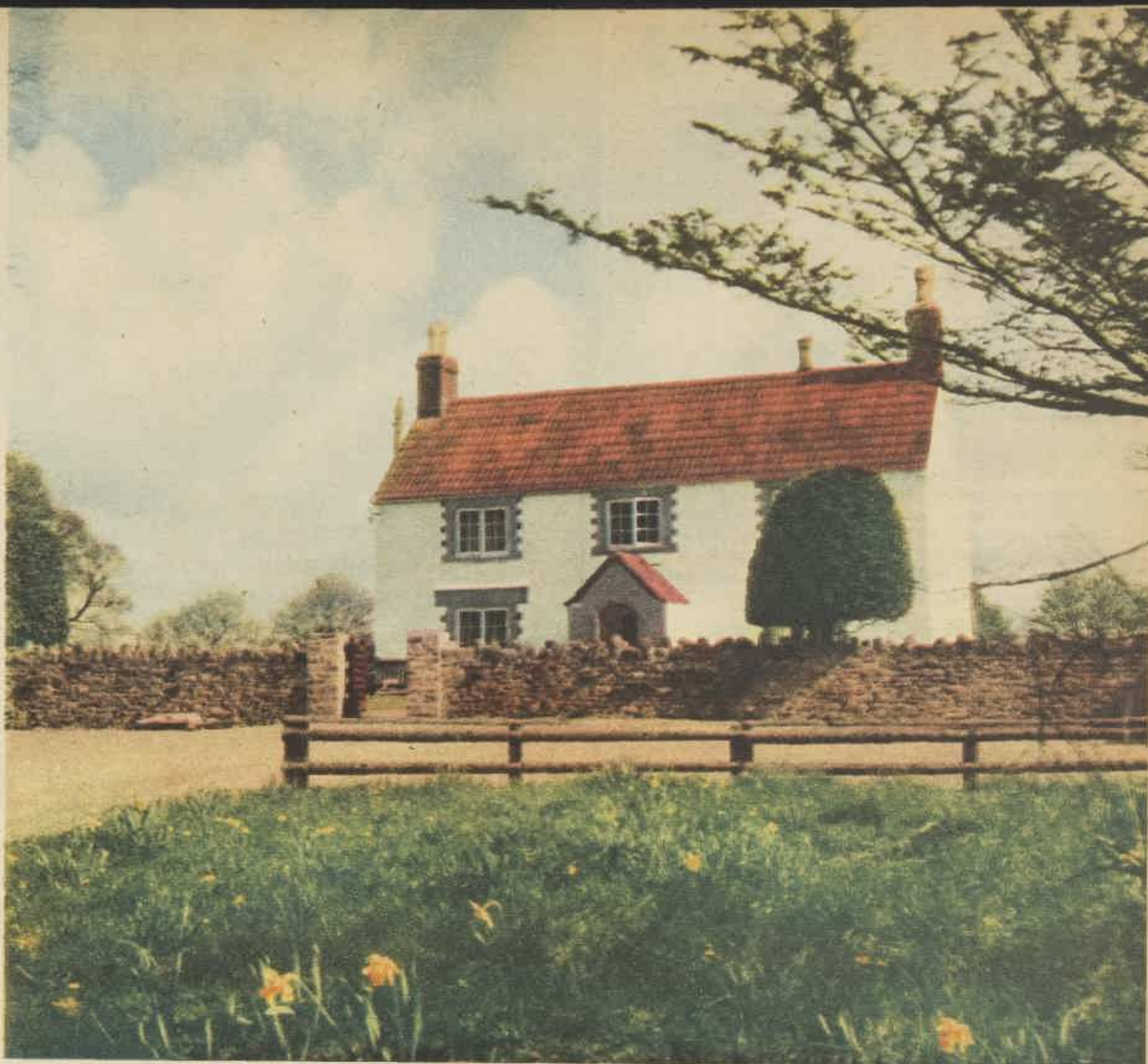
Looking after the estates is a full-time job for Lord Ducie and his estate manager. They have their own sawmill and workshops in Tortworth village, where a staff is always busy repairing the homes on the estate.

But Lord Ducie is happiest when farming, so three months after settling in at Tortworth he took over one of his farms known as "Old Court." "I am happier with a farm of my own and I now work only part time in the estate office. There was too much book work for my liking."

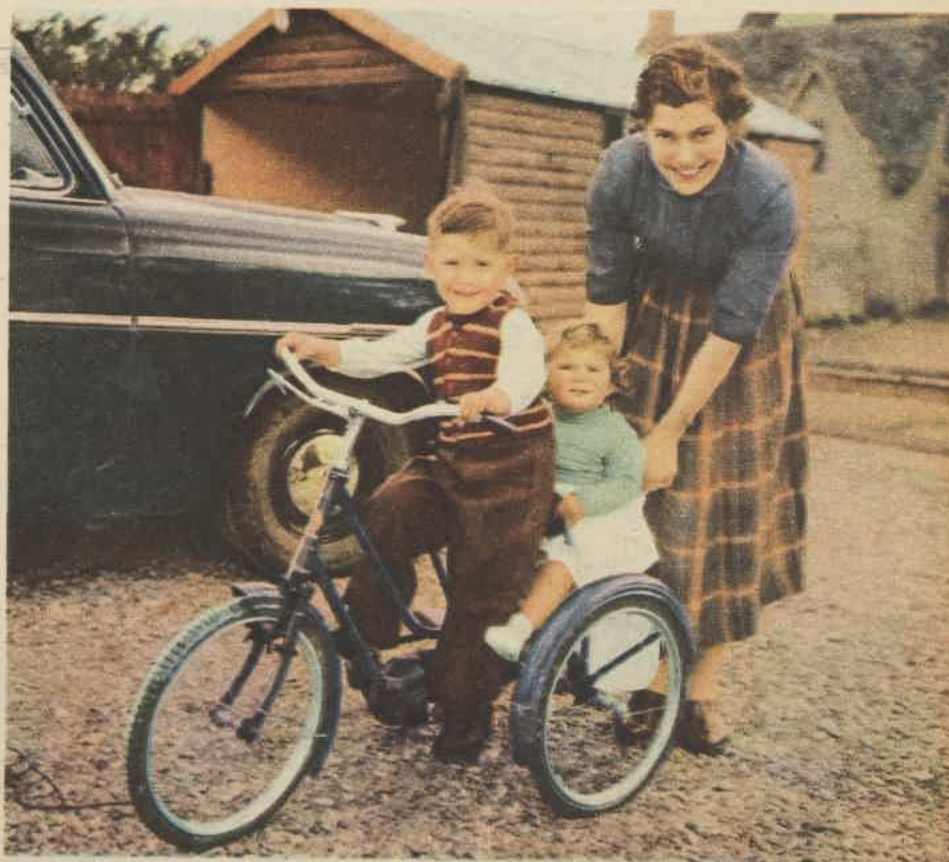
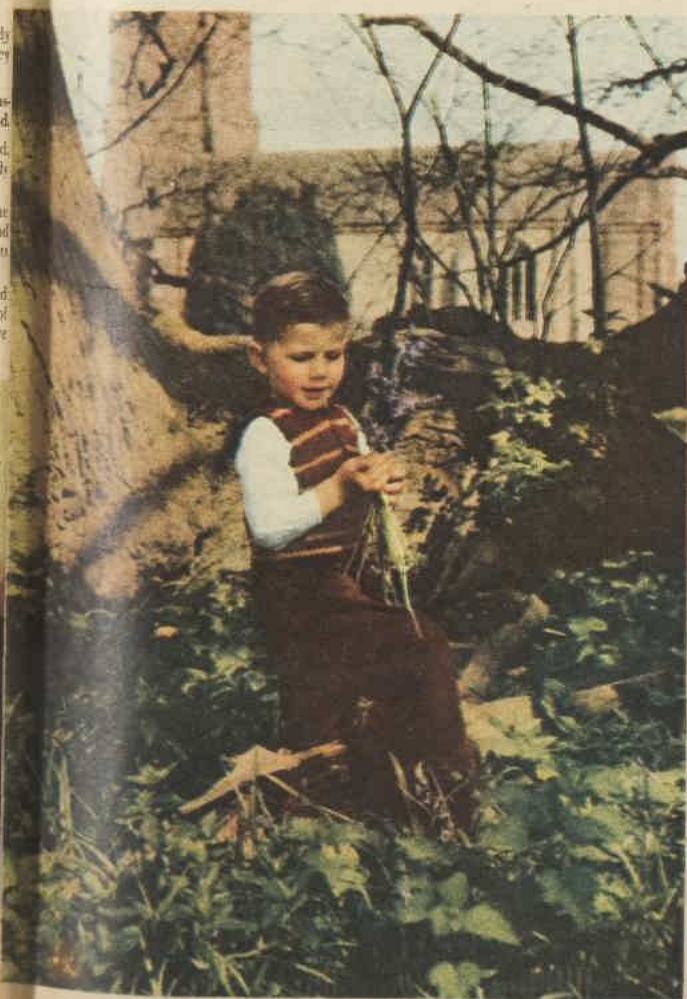
"Until I took over the farm it was touch and go whether I would pack up and go home or stay. I was getting pretty sick of figures."

He is stocking the farm with Hampshire Down sheep and Shorthorn cattle. New fencing has been put up, and on his magnificent oak desk in his office are plans for new dairies and other improvements.

Each post carries forms to and from the Ministry of Agriculture. "In Australia I would just get on with milking the cows," said Lord Ducie. "Here you have a ton of paperwork before you get started."



HOME OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF DUCIE was formerly the residence of the village schoolmaster. It was modernised with central heating and an electrically equipped kitchen when they arrived from Queensland to live on the Tortworth estates. They are happy in the modest but comfortable house.



LEFT: Lord Moreton, who is David, four-year-old son of the Earl and Countess of Ducie. He is shown picking bluebells beneath the Old Tree that is one of the local sights and is said to be 750 years old.

ABOVE: Lady Ducie assists her daughter, Lady Jeannette Moreton, to mount behind her brother, Lord Moreton, for a bicycle ride. Lady Jeannette is thirteen months old. Her brother is the heir.

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JULIUS KATCHEN, young American pianist now touring Australia, experiments with a new piece of music and looks as if he enjoys it. He has no set hours for practice during his concert tours, but plays whenever he can get a piano.

Antiques are his hobby

Visiting celebrity pianist collects rare Chinese porcelain

By **SHEILA McFARLANE**,
staff reporter

Although he gives an average of 100 concerts a year, versatile young American pianist Julius Katchen, now touring Australia, has found time to develop an absorbing hobby.

COMBING the antique shops of each city he visits, he searches for treasures to add to his already rich collection of antique Chinese porcelain.

"My flat in Paris, my adopted home town, is like an overcrowded antique shop," he said.

"Collecting porcelain is a bad disease. Once the bug has bitten, you're not satisfied till you visit every antique shop in every city, spending too much time and too much money on it.

"Once I paid exorbitant excess baggage to take pieces back from Singapore and Hongkong, only to find that the same fine antiques were a lot cheaper in London and Paris."

Katchen, who is 28 years old and has been described as "one of the world's best living pianists," was a former child prodigy.

"I was a very precocious child," the pianist said. "I must have been quite a horror at some stages."

He made his "first" debut at the age of 11 as soloist with the Philadelphia Orchestra, under Eugene Ormandy.

"But I had wise parents, who, despite my pleadings, removed me from the concert platform at 14," he said, "and sent me back to my studies at Haverford College.

"There never was one more furious than I. And now there never will be one more grateful."

His "second" debut, this time as soloist with the Boston Symphony Orchestra, was at the age of 19, immediately after his college graduation.

Julius Katchen comes from a musical family. His mother was a concert pianist, his father a violinist, his grandmother a pianist, and his grandfather a violin teacher.

Mrs. Rosalie Svet, his grandmother, was his teacher for the first 10 years.

"My most wonderful birthday present one year was my first piano lesson from my grandmother," he said.

"She was a wonderful teacher, and was assistant to the head professor of piano study at the Warsaw Conservatorium at the age of 13."

Julius Katchen, whom I found practising in a brightly colored shirt and slacks before a Melbourne concert, said that before every recital in America his father used to play chess with him backstage.

"I invariably found myself checkmating him just before the curtain rose," he said, "and didn't realise until years later that these were the only times I ever managed to get the better of father at a chess-board."

The young pianist, who has already given concerts in France, Holland, Belgium, Spain, and England this year, will tour the Far East after his Australian season ends in August. He thinks he holds a world record for "solid concert playing."



VISITING pianist Julius Katchen, left, discusses antique Chinese porcelain, which he collects, with Mr. Daryl Lindsay, Director of the National Gallery of Victoria.

He gave 50 concerts in 60 days during his South African tour last year.

"In a normal year I average over 100 concerts," he said.

But I've been blessed with an unlimited source of energy, and don't find it tiring.

"I'm not content if I'm not busy."

Katchen, a firm believer in exercise, is a former international table-tennis player, but plays only for relaxation now.

"However, my racquets are an essential part of the luggage wherever I go," he said. "They're just like friends travelling with me."

Although he has lived for short periods in many world cities, Katchen told me that the one he will not forget quickly is Breda, in Holland.

"There I committed the unpardonable," he said with a smile. "I forgot to go to one of my concerts."

"It was my seventh concert for the week—on a Sunday, Europe's biggest concert day."

"After my Saturday night performance I drove into the country to relax with friends. We went yachting—my first time out under sail."

"It was thrilling, but still I remembered to return to the city by six o'clock to go on stage."

"I got there in plenty of time, sauntered into my hotel, and was greeted by a terribly shaken manager."

"Sir, what happened?" he asked. "Your 2.30 concert. You did not come."

"I had completely forgotten about the matinee. Oh, dear, did I skid out of Breda?"



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DRAMA OF QUADS' BIRTH



HAPPY MOTHER. Mrs. Arthur Lucke's face reflects her serenity and joy as she gazes at her first-born child, Kevin Philip. Kevin and his brother and two sisters were born at the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, maternity wing of the Bundaberg General Hospital, on July 12.



URGENT CALL. Mrs. Lucke's physician, Dr. Eric Schmidt, of Bundaberg, hurries along the hospital corridor with Sister M. Howard to deliver the babies.



THE FIRST. Sister M. Howard puts her head round the door of the labor ward and indicates that the first of the babies was born.

Though it's now some little time since the Lucke quads were born in Bundaberg, to me those two and a half hours which brought the four famous babies into the world are still as vivid and moving as if they'd happened ten minutes ago.

By a set of extraordinary circumstances, my photographer colleagues, Bill Carty and Ron Berg, and I were the only newspaper people actually on the spot when those news-making babies were born.

*From ISLA BROOK,
in Bundaberg*

TO us they were much more than news. A month of knowing Arthur and Agnes Lucke, the parents of the quads, had made them our friends and filled us with anxiety for the welfare of them and their babies. It was an

anxiety, I discovered on that bright, sunny morning of July 12, which has given me a lifelong sympathy with the feelings of expectant fathers.

Though Mrs. Lucke had entered the labor ward at 2.30 on the morning of July 12, the real drama of the day didn't begin until just after 8 a.m. That was when Dr. Eric

Schmidt, who had visited Mrs. Lucke several times during the night, decided the babies were only a few hours away and sent for Arthur Lucke.

Instantly local Bundaberg taxi driver Des Flinn, who'd been standing by for weeks for just such a call, sprang into action. A new father himself with a baby six months old, he knew what it feels like to be a father waiting for news.

In thirty minutes flat he'd covered the 23 miles of bumpy road that lead to the Lucke farm at Bucca.

With him was staff photographer Ron Berg, a solid man in a crisis and an expert on quads, having photographed the Sara quads since their birth.

Arthur had just finished milking when the car arrived. Within half an hour he'd shaved, changed, and manfully, though not very successfully, tried to eat some of the breakfast his father, Henry, had started cooking for him as soon as the car was seen racing across the paddocks.

Meanwhile, at the Lady Chelmsford Hospital (where Mrs. Lucke was a patient and where staff photographer Bill Carty and I had gone) the carefully prepared plans had swung into action like the wheels of a well-oiled machine.

The corridors, filled with the clutter of re-building, were quieter than usual as excited workmen stilled their hammers and tip-toed at their jobs.

Sisters and nurses, gowned and masked, bustled back and forth along the corridor between the labor room and the nursery, their eyes anxious above their masks, but their whole demeanor full of that serene confidence that has been the strength of nurses from Florence Nightingale on.



FIVE MINUTES OLD. The second of the quads in his humidicrib as it was wheeled along to the hospital nursery exactly five minutes after he was born. The first quad arrived at 9.55; the second, another boy, at 11.15; the third, a girl, at 12.10; and the fourth, another girl, at 12.25. Their respective weights were 5lb. 11oz., 5lb. 5½oz., 3lb. 6oz., 4lb. 11oz.

The full story



WORST MOMENT. At 12.27 p.m. Arthur Lucke still awaited news of his wife and the last baby. The little girl had actually been born, but news was delayed for nearly 15 minutes because she had to be put in a respirator before going into her crib.

Sister Howard, sister in charge of the Lady Chelmsford Hospital, a tiny woman almost swallowed up in a huge gown and a mask that left only her eyes showing, led a convoy of nurses wheeling four humidifiers from the nursery to the labor ward.

Behind them came wardsmen J. Finucane, carrying a big set of scales.

Matron Keenan, gowned and masked, bustled by, bringing with her that aura of calm efficiency so comforting to the frightened layman in a hospital.

A big old-fashioned clock on the wall quietly ticked away the minutes. At nine o'clock Dr. Schmidt, who'd been in the labor ward since 8.20, appeared to say a few soothing words to the small waiting throng.

He slipped off his mask as he came along the corridor. He was smiling, his eyes were bright, and his manner encouragingly confident.

Everything, he said, was going well. Dr. John Trewin, his friend and partner, was with him to administer anaesthetics and transfusions. At that moment Mrs. Lucke was having a 5 per cent. glucose transfusion. Later she would have blood serum to keep up her strength.

"It shouldn't be too long now," he said over his shoulder as he went back to the labor ward.

The tension mounted.

The clock ticked on.

At ten to ten Arthur Lucke, his face drawn and haggard and his eyes half dazed with worry, came silently down the corridor. He didn't speak.

Quickly Mrs. Schmidt, the doctor's wife, whose anxiety had driven her from home to join the little group waiting in the corridor, sprang to his side. An ex-nurse, her reassuring words were authoritative as well as comforting, and Arthur's face relaxed as he smiled at her.

Just as he did, there was



NEW FATHER Arthur Lucke (above) walks up to peep shyly at his third quad as she is wheeled in her humidifier to the nursery. Trailing the crib is an oxygen bottle.

a flurry in the corridor and like a small army two nurses appeared wheeling a humidifier. Behind them, stepping as briskly as a miniature general, came Sister Howard. Her eyes were twinkling like stars.

"Here's someone to help you round up the cows," she said to Arthur Lucke. "It's a boy. Born 9.55. Weight 5lb. 11. A bonny bouncing baby. He's well. His mother's well."

Then she, like the nurses and the crib with its tiny load of pink cotton-wool-wrapped baby, was gone.

For a few moments the little group in the corridor wrung Arthur's hands and pounded him on the back with relief and congratulations. But the ticking of the clock could still be heard, bringing with it again the tension of waiting.

Father Treacy, Mrs. Lucke's priest, slipped in quietly to join the waiting group, his young face as anxious as anyone else's.

Continued on page 44



JOB COMPLETED. Dr. Eric Schmidt (above) takes off his mask. Dr. Schmidt's partner, Dr. John Trewin, helped deliver the quads.



THE FOURTH. Eyes gleaming triumphantly, Nurse May Upton flashes four fingers, indicating to the anxious father the arrival of the last quad.



SPECIALIST Dr. Felix Arden (right) arriving in Bundaberg from Brisbane. The plane was specially diverted to take him for consultation.



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By

Prestige



ADMIRING Mr. Ken Mackay's polo pony Tartan at the two-day Scone Polo Carnival are Wendy Peters (left), of Lindfield, and Sandra Bragg, of "Rossigole," Aberdeen.



GUEST-OF-HONOR Lady Slim (left) arrives at the dinner given by the New South Wales Women's Amateur Sports Council at the Australia Hotel. Lady Slim is with Miss Annis Rees, honorary secretary of the council.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

WITH her sister's wedding in August and a voyage overseas to begin in December, this year is an exciting one for Pat Fairlie-Cunninghame, of Darling Point.

Pat will be bridesmaid when her sister, Ann, marries Bill Vout, of Hobart, at St. Mark's, Darling Point, on August 27.

Then three months later she sets off for England on board the Arcadia on December 2 with Thea Bennett, of Rose Bay.

Ann and Pat are the daughters of Mona, Lady Fairlie-Cunninghame, and the late Sir Hussey Fairlie - Cunninghame, Bart.

BACK from their honeymoon in New Zealand, newlyweds Mr. and Mrs. Ian

McMaster are settling into their new home, "Conga," near Brewarrina. Mrs. McMaster is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Rupert Ryder, of "Violet Downs," Boggabri.

DELIGHTFUL name "Belinda" is proving popular these days. Debutantes of the 1970's will include Belinda Chapman, daughter of Major and Mrs. Austin Chapman, Belinda Procter, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Geoffrey Procter, and a new arrival, Belinda Ann Jerram, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Jerram. Mrs. Jerram was formerly Ann Vicars, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Vicars, of Darling Point.

WITH letters arriving from her three daughters, Anne, Janette, and Helen, Mrs. L. A. Barlow, of Roseville, certainly has full reports of their

trip overseas. The girls, who are travelling with Margaret Reidy, of Artarmon, left Ireland for a walking tour of Scotland this week . . . and they're sending back enthusiastic reports of the hospitality they've received so far. They all expect to return to London in a few weeks, and will take jobs there for a while before setting off for the Continent.

HONEYMOONING at Mt. Buffalo, recently married Dr. and Mrs. Joseph ("Jef") Freidin will leave for their home in Melbourne next week. Mrs. Freidin, formerly Sonia Podinovsky, of Bel-

REFLECTIONS in a mirror at Princes for Jan Appleton and Nicholas Locke, who were at the dance given by the Old Cranbrookians' Boat Club.

levue Hill, tells me that in five months they'll be leaving for England, where Jef will do a postgraduate course in surgery.

THEY'RE engaged—Jillian Croudace, daughter of Mrs. G. B. Doyle, of "Bar-meach," Gresford, and the late Mr. J. D. Croudace, to Peter von Drehnen, son of Mr. and Mrs. Karl von Drehnen, of "Strathdarr," Moree.

AT present in London, Mr. and Mrs. Jim Dewez plan to arrive home at the end of August after a whirlwind four months' world tour. They travelled to England via the Continent, and will sail on the Queen Mary in a few weeks to the United States and Canada, en route to Sydney. Mr. and Mrs. Dewez' sons, Simon and Peter, are with Mrs. Dewez' mother, Mrs. John Davies, of Castle Hill.

BRIEFLY . . . "Byrock," Cootamundra, is the future home of newlyweds Adrian and Helene Ronning . . . Mrs. Noel Johnston, of "Warrattra," Mudgee, is holidaying at Hayman Island.

Anne



ARRIVING at the Scone Polo Club's ball, held at St. Luke's Hall, Scone, are Kay Robinson, of "Camalong," Dubbo, and polo umpire Peter Roberts, of Goondicindi.



IN MELBOURNE, Mrs. Everard Baillieu (left), formerly of Sydney, with her mother, Mrs. James Balfe, at the Grand National race-meeting at Flemington Racecourse.



BRIDAL COUPLE. Mr. and Mrs. Ian Willmore leave St. Mark's. The bride was Belinda Parry-Okeden, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. G. C. Parry-Okeden, of Darling Point.



QUARTET: From left, Mrs. Noel Corlette, Mrs. Gordon Marsh, Lieut-Commander Marsh, and Nonnie Taylor were among guests at the ball given by the Imperial Service Club. The ball was held at the Trocadero.

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ELSA MAXWELL, famous hostess, with B.B.C. personality Gilbert Harding at a Foyle literary luncheon at the Dorchester Hotel, London.



Extra grouse for Elsa's cruise

By ANNE MATHESON,
of our London staff

Elsa Maxwell, the world's most famous party-giver, says that she will bring to a climax—and perhaps end—40 years of fantastic entertaining with her luxury cruise for 150 of the international set aboard the streamlined yacht Achilles.

"It will be the party to end all parties, the one I've always dreamed of giving," she told me, "and it will be remembered the longest."

"We'll eat right round the world at every meal—Scottish grouse, shrimp, lobster, caviare, Lord Island duck, succulent steaks, peach-fed hams. And the champagne will flow."

"We're going to ride along on the crest of a wave of hap-

piness. And why not? We only live once."

"But I can't tell you any more about the things we are going to do because they must come as a surprise to my guests."

Elsa is choosing her guests very carefully. "They must be compatible," she explained.

They will probably include the Duke and Duchess of Argyll, the Duke and Duchess of Westminster, the Aga Khan, Douglas Fairbanks and his wife, the Henry Fords, and a handful of Hollywood stars headed by Grace Kelly and Olivia de Havilland.

Princess Margaret's set will be represented by Judy Montagu and Colin Tennant.

Fourteen-stone, five-foot Elsa Maxwell has turned 72.

Her usually gruff voice had just a trace of melancholy as she mentioned her age.

"But the thought of this party is keeping me young," she added. "It's going to rock the world."

The party will have as a send-off on August 29 a Grand Ball in Venice, which Elsa will give in a palace on the Grand Canal.

Her titled and wealthy guests will say goodbye to their less privileged friends and slip away in gondolas poled by singing gondoliers and lit by swinging Japanese lanterns.

"This procession of lighted gondolas will come to rest at the quay where the floodlit yacht will be waiting, festooned and shimmering like some legendary barge bathed in gold," Elsa said, as with half-closed eyes she leaned back conjuring a vision of the send-off.

Greek multi-millionaire shipowner Stavros Niarchos has lent the yacht and 40 of his hand-picked staff.

To complete the English side of party arrangements Elsa made a special trip to London, and ran her eye over the guests.

She was never a person to shrink from a bit of publicity, so top American and French newspaper chiefs have been asked along, too.

And until the Grand Ball sets the party rolling, she will keep a stream of information flowing from her headquarters in Paris.



ACTRESS Grace Kelly, one of the few Hollywood "names" asked on the cruise.



FORMER actor Douglas Fairbanks, friend of British Royalty, who is also invited.



OTHER GUESTS on the cruise will be film star Olivia de Havilland and her husband, French journalist Pierre Galante, shown here in Rome during their recent honeymoon.



Film on teeth adds years to your face*

GET WHITER, YOUNGER-LOOKING TEETH WITH *Film-removing* PEPSODENT

One tube will do it — or double your money back!

* Your dentist has a tooth-shade detector—it clearly shows that your teeth lose whiteness as you grow older. But dulling film makes teeth lose their whiteness long before they should, adding unnecessary years to your appearance. Keep your teeth at their whitest with Pepsodent. Only Pepsodent has the added cleansing power of Irium to remove film and get teeth whiter and cleaner. Get a tube to-morrow. If Pepsodent doesn't give you the whitest teeth you've ever had, the Pepsodent Company will refund double your purchase price.



Film



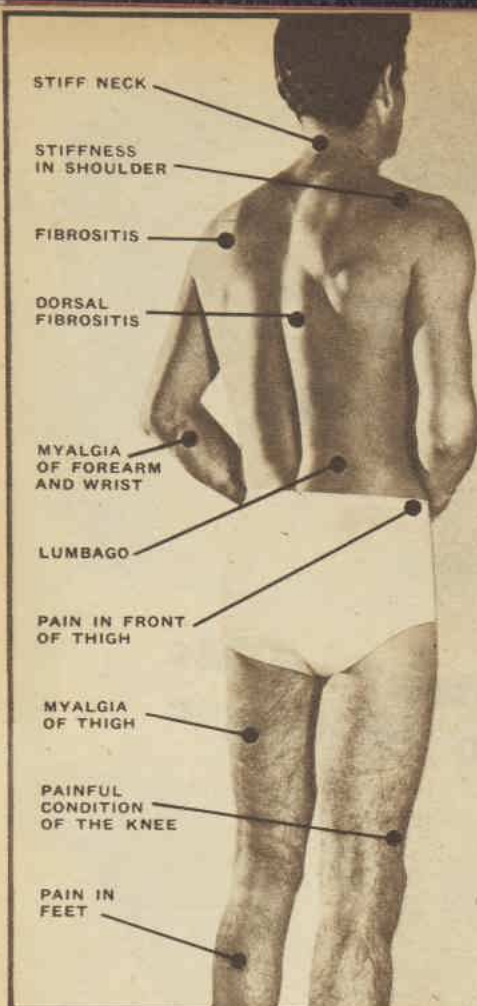
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fast

with...





Where Rheumatism strikes and how to detect it . . .

Malgic Home-Treatment Chart enables every Rheumatic Sufferer to trace the REAL source of pain . . . and to apply Malgic so that relief is gained in an amazingly short time.

Medical science has established that the actual source of rheumatic pain is not always where the sufferer feels it most. The pain originates from what are now known as "trigger" spots. A muscle becomes rheumatic because certain parts of it get into a state of constriction—a state of "cramp." These muscle knots "trigger" off much of the pain called rheumatism. That is why they are called Trigger Spots. The diagram shown in this advertisement is intended as a general guide as to where various trigger spots are located; but it is not a complete guide. With every jar of Malgic Adrenalin Cream, how-

ever, is a fully detailed "trigger" spot chart covering virtually every form of rheumatic pain and stiffness. This chart makes it perfectly easy for you, in your own home, to locate the actual source of the pain you are suffering and to apply Malgic accordingly. Malgic enables the knotted muscles to relax. It penetrates to the root of the pain and carries adrenalin to the cramped fibres. Swiftly, surely the pain and stiffness cease. Malgic Adrenalin Cream is sold only by chemists. Get your jar right away. Study the chart . . . start the treatment . . . and quickly you'll be free from pain.

MALGIC ADRENALIN CREAM



for the safe, speedy relief of rheumatism, lumbago, neuritis, fibrositis and kindred rheumatic pains.

Manufactured and distributed by World Agencies Pty. Ltd., Sydney.

THE FEMALE CITY

By
PAUL I. WELLMAN

This splendid historical novel is the story of Theodora, whose infamous career took her from squalor to splendour, in Constantinople during the sixth century.

Price 18/9
From all Booksellers

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Staisweet
Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet
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FAMOUS LAST WORDS



"I don't know where my husband went, Mr. Cauthorn, but I'm sure he's finished with your ladder. There it is leaning against the house."

MOTHER



"This is the stuff I made my new costume of."

It seems to me

THE Melbourne Tramways Board has worked out a Machiavelian plan to outwit tram scalers.

It plans to buy advertising space and print the names, addresses, and ages of those people who have been fined for fare evasion.

This weapon, of course, is directed particularly against women. Although one holds no brief for deliberate fare-evaders, the plan does seem a wee bit spiteful.

It reminds me of a friend of mine who is always afraid she may be knocked down by a car, not because of the possible physical damage but because her age may be published.

As near as her friends can establish, she is somewhere in that mysterious region of the late thirties.

"But if they're my last words," she says stoutly, "I'm going to cry 'Twenty-nine' when they admit me to the casualty ward."

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER told reporters in New York recently that he sometimes uses his "sixth sense" in gauging the world situation.

Commenting, a psychology professor said that the President was employing a principle recognised by science and which had been proved in the laboratory.

That may be so, but as a woman, and, therefore, one of the original copywriters of the sixth sense, I know what it is.

It is something you use to explain away any opinion or feeling for which you can give no logical reason. Very handy in an argument, too.

AN unusually large number of centenarians have been featured lately in the daily papers.

It appears that more people are living to be 100 and over, which throws a light on the recent elopement in England of a gym mistress and her schoolboy pupil.

She was 23 and he was 17. The affair caused a stir, but eventually the couple married and one assumes the fuss will die down.

And why not? When she is 100 and he is 94, nobody will raise an eyebrow at the discrepancy in their ages.

MYXOMATOSIS has done its work in reducing the rabbit plague, and produced the expected sequel—dearer men's hats, roast rabbits, and rabbit coats. A furrier said recently that higher prices "would remove the stigma from rabbit fur."

This is a sad commentary on feminine fashions, but probably true.

I don't suppose the fur will ever be as desirable as chinchilla or sable, but some enterprising investor could probably set up a secret rabbit-breeding farm and cash in while the market is buoyant.



Dorothy Drann

MOST delightful story in many years is the case of the disappearing hoses. The happening is absolutely the most diverting thing since flying saucers first hit the news.

At time of going to press, four plastic hoses, three in California and one in Minnesota, had started burrowing into the ground before their owners' astonished eyes.

One is said to have gone 20 feet into the ground, until its owner, most regrettably, decided to cut it off. That's what he says, anyway.

Better still, the excitement had moved to Australia, with widespread reports of the same thing.

Best published comment came from Professor Harry Messel, who said: "There might be some character down there pulling on them."

A colleague elaborates this theory. He thinks that flying-saucer men have gone underground and are using the hoses to provide themselves with air, water, and speaking tubes.

Meanwhile a lot of people are busy demonstrating that if you push a running hose into soft soil it sinks deeper. When the water is turned off the hose is hard to pull out.

But rational explanations are so dull.

NEW president of the Japanese National Railways has announced his intention of having all railway employees taught the tea ceremony.

"This traditional art sets importance on good manners, consideration for others, and courteous attention to ritual," he said.

Western railway tea lacks a ceremonious aura, though it has its uses in soothing the passengers.

My favorite cup is the one the conductor brings you in the morning when you're brushing the coal-dust out of your hair.

The tea is seldom quite hot; a little of it, for reasons beyond the conductor's control, has usually lurched into the saucer, dampening the accompanying arrowroot biscuit. Nevertheless, after a night in a sleeping-car it tastes like nectar.

LICENSEE of a hotel near Darwin heard a noise at 3 a.m. and found two drunken possums helpless among the remains of three bottles of liquor. She said the possums developed the drink habit after breaking a bottle of claret.

"A dipsomaniac possum," said an old man kangaroo.

"Is surely a most shocking thing, and what we had better do

Is hold a meeting of all marsupials and object That the good name of Australian fauna is about to be wrecked.

Meanwhile, let us issue a call to Darwin, I say, And form a branch of Alcoholics Apocynum right away."

Romancing tonight?

Your grooming and approach may be faultless, but you won't even make first base if you neglect personal freshness.

You see, everyone perspires (some more than others) and that is, of course, a perfectly natural, healthy function. Unfortunately, when perspiration comes in contact with the air, a bacterial change takes place, which becomes unpleasant.

Eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES tablets to banish perspiration odour and sweeten your breath.

Chloro-PHILLIES act instantly and give night or day-long protection—keep you nice to be near.

Make it a habit—eat one or two Chloro-PHILLIES deodorant tablets every time you shower or clean your teeth.



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Manufactured by
Austrian Distributors
Lila Sauer (Australia) Limited

The SECRET of a matchless, miracle complexion



Mercolized Wax Cream

THE IMPROVEMENT ON FACE CREAM

Massage each night with Mercolized Wax instead of ordinary face cream. By morning, the miracle has begun—the miracle of a luring, lovable complexion. Use as a make-up base too.

GOING GREY? Tannalite restores the natural colour to grey hair. Use it regularly. Begin tonight! Most chemists sell Tannalite, but, if you have any difficulty securing it, simply enclose 10/6 and a letter note to Dearborn Pty. Ltd., C/o Box 3225, G.P.O., Sydney.

The "TRUE BOOK" Series

Books for the young—and most of them for the not-so-young—bright non-fiction written by experts on their varied subjects. Price 7/6 and 8/3 From all Booksellers

For Teenagers

Glamor Ribbons

• Hair-ribbons are acknowledged flatterers, so don't discard them after school. Here are five ways to use them on dress-up occasions.



CORONET (above) of flowers and leaves strung on a narrow ribbon can look sweet on a 12-year-old and sophisticated for a poised, party-going 20.



WHITE BUTTERFLY BOW held in place by a narrow band of ribbon is the perfect accent for a party-going dress in dream-blue. Alternatively, if your hair-do permits, use "invisible" hat elastic in place of the band of ribbon to hold the butterfly bow in place.

GLAMOROUS as earrings are plaits (below) looped up in coils and tied below the ears with big bows of patterned taffeta ribbon.



COCKADE of ribbon held by a jewelled clip (below) looks especially pretty with swept-forward hairstyles.



BANDEAU of checked ribbon (above) ends over one ear in clustered loops of plain ribbon cascading from hairline to shoulder.



Don't let your hands say
'Housework'!

SOFTASILK PREVENTS

- ✓ Rough red hands.
- ✓ Dryness caused by harsh washing soaps.
- ✓ Wind and weather chapping.
- ✓ Coarse elbows.
- ✓ Hard skin on palms and fingers.



Your hands need the rich, protective oils that neutralize the drying effect of harsh soaps and detergents and the chapping caused by wind and weather. Use fragrant creamy Softasilk after every household task and see how your hands stay soft as silk!

Keep your hands romantically lovely

Small, Large, Economy Sizes.

COLGATE
Softasilk
PALMOLIVE
HAND BEAUTY CREAM
It's handier in a tube... keep it handy!

Soothe
jangled nerves with
BOURN-VITA
and hot milk

Bourn-vita in hot milk often works wonders for people who don't sleep well. Soothes your nerves, calms you down, helps you to drop off into sound, deep sleep.

Bourn-vita is made of malt, eggs, milk and chocolate. It's safe for anyone. Doctors recommend it. Delicious to drink. Everyone likes it. Everyone likes the way it makes you sleep better, feel better.

Sleep sweeter—
BOURN-VITA

Made by **CADBURY'S**

— by mountain and sea

TEENAGE SECTION

Here's your answer

By KAY MELAUN

Only a few people in the world are in the one-life-one-love group. Most people fall in love not once but twice or thrice.

THIS is something that doesn't seem possible to an idealistic boy or girl of 16 or so who has just grown very fond of someone. To them, "Fall in love once, fall in love twice" sounds like a cynical wisecrack.

It is not a crack; it is a half-sad, half-humorous truth, borne out by the experiences of most people by the time they've reached 25.

Here's a girl—a worried and hurt girl at the moment—who, I could bet, will quite soon forget the boy she's fond of now:

"A few months ago I was going with a boy who I loved very much. Everything went along fine, then one day for no reason at all (that I know of) he said we were through. This hurt very much, as I still love him. I'm scared to fall in love again, because I think the same thing might happen. I have met a very nice boy who wants me to go with him, but I still like the other boy. Do you think I am carrying this too far, or do you think my feelings for the other boy will die in time? He meant very much to me and he was the first boy I ever went with."

Ann, Wollongong, N.S.W.

Yes, I think you are carrying it too far. And I believe that in time your feelings for the boy will die.

You will help yourself over it very much by accepting the new boy's invitation, by going out and having as much fun as you can, even though your thoughts might stray back to the first boy.

Don't be afraid of falling in love again. Certainly the same thing might happen again. This is a hazard you have to take if you're going to do any living at all.

A lot of people insure themselves against the hazard.



IDEA for a skirt trim: Red lips applied on a white skirt worn by Mrs. Tony Trabert when she went with Mrs. Vic Seixas to the Wimbledon championships.

Their insurance takes the form of having many friends, both boys and girls, and many interests and hobbies, so that if someone they're fond of suddenly leaves them for another city—or another girl or boy—they're not utterly bereft.

"I am engaged to be married, and was wondering if you could tell me who traditionally pays for the blankets that are to be used for the future home."

Wondering, Penrith, N.S.W.

Nearly everyone thinks the blankets are included in the bride's contribution to the

future home. This isn't so. The blankets are the bridegroom's expense.

"Could you tell me the correct way to address letters to boys aged about 14-16? Is it Master, Mr., or just the name?"

Enquiring, Lane Cove, N.S.W.

Strictly speaking, boys of 14 and 15 should be addressed "Master," and only when they reach 16 and over do they merit the "Mr."

But you would do well to address quite young boys as "Mr." They find it flattering.

FOR YOUNG WRITERS

THOUGH a good deal of promising work was submitted by teenage writers this month, none of the stories reached publication standard. So—as you may already have noted—there is no teenage story in this issue.

This is in accord with what we have emphasised all along: That a teenager story, to be published, must be up to full adult publication standard, not merely the best of those submitted.

Main fault in the stories was weakness in handling themes.

Several had very promising and amusing themes, but lacked the technique to carry them through effectively.

Answers to queries about the teenage stories are given in the accompanying panel.

The following are commended for their stories:

R.B., Walkerville, S.A.: Promising and amusing. Gen-

erally a little slight for a story and ending weak.

D.F., Gundagai, N.S.W.: Some bright writing. Ending overstrained.

R.T., North Terrace, S.A.: Style effective and unusual. Theme not strong enough.

D.C., Caulfield, Vic.: Good attempt but fantasy overstrained.

T.S., Qld.: Good, bright style. Theme still too slight, despite revision.

M.H., Mitcham, Vic.: Well and pleasantly written. Too short and slight.

V.D., Singleton, N.S.W.: Good style. Interest well sustained. Character drawing weak.

TEENAGERS are invited to submit short stories for publication in our monthly teenage issues.

Stories should be about 1500 words long. Each one must bear the author's name, address, and age, must be typed or written on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope big enough to hold the manuscript in case of return.

The story must also have a statement written and endorsed by parent, guardian, or teacher that the story is the teenager's own original unaided work and is not adapted from or based on any story read.

Brief comment will be given in the teenage issues on any stories that merit it. Otherwise, criticism cannot be given.

Stories are judged at full adult publication standard.



and you can't tell!

Kiss—and you can't tell—with LIPCOTE... the most sensational lipstick idea in years! Apply it over your favourite lipstick and instantly it gives day-long protection... prevents tell-tale lipstick stains on cigarettes, cups, clothing. Only 5/10... and a bottle lasts for months. All stores, beauty salons and chemists!



Raymond Mullis Pty. Ltd.
Box 72, Newtown, N.S.W. 1330/61.

Ever since grandma was a girl...



... she's known the value of genuine **PHILIPS**



15 hairsets for 3/6

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new silky loveliness and save pounds on your hair-do's.

Get a tube of concentrated **Curlypet**—squeeze **Curlypet** into a pint milk bottle of warm water—shake till mixed—now you have a pint of the best, most fragrant quickset lotion you've ever used. Get concentrated **Curlypet** for 3/6 from your chemist or store. **QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET** CN.5

BLIND GIRL'S SUCCESS



ESSAY WINNER Marion Hicks explores a globe of the world she hopes to travel one day. Though handicapped by blindness, Marion is determined on a career in education. "I can do more than routine work," she says.

EVERY year thousands of girls and boys sit for examinations, the passing of which opens gateways to careers in commerce, industry, and the professions. These girls and boys can step forward confidently into the world, knowing that ambition and hard work will see their efforts crowned with success.

My approach to adult life will be different from that of most other children, for, you see, when the fairies attended at my christening with their gifts they forgot to give me the blessing of normal sight. My choice of career, there-

• The essay below, "When I Leave School," by Marion Hicks, of Fivedock, N.S.W., is a prizewinner in the Rural Bank Essay Competition. Marion is 15, and blind. She is studying for her Intermediate Certificate at the N.S.W. School for Blind Children, at Wahroonga. Her entry in the contest won £20 for herself and £15 for the school library.

fore, will be limited by my handicap. Doors which will be open to others will be closed to me. In making my decision I must heed the old saying, "Cut your coat according to your cloth."

I feel that I am capable of doing more than most blind and partially blind people who are employed in routine work in factories or in basket-making.

While any work is better than none at all, I do feel that I can do something more interesting and creative.

My ambitions are to travel, especially to Switzerland (for I love the mountains), and to develop further my appre-

ciation of music. How can I achieve these desires when it will be necessary for me to earn my own living?

Knowing my liability, I can also list my assets which must help me when I leave school. My whole life lies before me, and I must make it as good, helpful, and prosperous as I can.

First of all, I am young and healthy and have a fair share of intelligence.

Secondly, I have been gifted with a good ear for music and can learn tunes quickly. I have a pleasing singing and speaking voice and can perform on the piano and several wind instruments.

Thirdly, I am interested in all kinds of dramatic and concert work and have performed successfully in school productions (one of which was the trial scene from "The Merchant of Venice," in which I took the part of Portia) and in physical culture displays.

Fourthly, I have a flair for training younger children. I have conducted a club of the little girls boarding at this school, teaching them simple songs and dances, and their end-of-term concerts have been well received.

Last, and most important of all, I have a strong will of my own and I am determined to succeed.

Therefore, when I leave school I shall continue to study music and elocution at the Sydney Conservatorium and qualify as a teacher of music and of the art of speech. With

this training and my ability to manage small children I should make a successful teacher of singing, verse-speaking, and recorder choirs in primary schools.

As the Department of Education now employs blind and partially blind teachers, it ought not to be very hard for me to find myself a suitable position in one of its schools.

In my spare time I will continue my study of French, and also learn German, so that I will not have a great deal of difficulty in speaking if I eventually reach France, Germany, or Switzerland.

I shall also write books for older children of 14, 15, and 16, for there don't seem to be many books for them.

When I have had some experience teaching in Australia and have saved enough money (that will take a long time, I know), I will seek similar positions in England and, later still, on the Continent.

Perhaps I shall never reach the summit of my ambitions. I may never stand on the snowy Swiss Alps and look across the peaceful green valleys to the opposite mountains. Instead, my travelling may be done in illustrated guide-books and tourists' pamphlets, for that is the way most people travel these days.

Still, half the joy of anything is in the anticipation of it. Think of all the enjoyment I will have in striving to reach the peak of my ambitions and making my life a useful, happy one when I leave school.



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OSMAN sheets and pillowcases

Careful shoppers look for the OSMAN name-tab. Osman sheets and pillowcases are not only smooth and of generous size, but will wear beautifully and keep their good appearance through countless washings. Firmly finished, with hemstitching or cording, OSMAN sheets and pillowcases are the choice of all women who appreciate beauty and quality. Choose them in economical American cotton or superfine Egyptian. There are prices to suit all purses and you can get them in white or six elegant colours.



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Never forget the freshly-made Mustard!

It's just as essential as pepper and salt

to bring out meat's distinctive flavour. Use it to give

a relish to a grill, a delicious tang to stews,

a new lease of life to sandwiches. And most certainly

with rich dishes, such as
roast pork or roast duck.



KEEN'S MUSTARD



makes all the difference!

Y 37A

New Rock and Roll craze

By BERNARD FLETCHER

NOT long ago the police were called out in Connecticut to break up a session at which 2000 teenagers were found in a state of hysterical abandon. The reason was Rock and Roll, the new music sensation which is sweeping the States.

It has also started a battle. Pro-R. and R. bodies say it keeps young people off the streets; the anti faction claim that it is harmful to morals, basing their assertions that one of the ingredients of this music is the use of suggestive lyrics.

R. and R. is not really new. Until the end of the '30s all the larger record companies in America produced records especially for the negro trade.

They were called "race" records, and the few samples I have heard were distinctly off-color.

Many colored artists who performed on race records later became famous in their own right—the blues singers Mr. Rainey and Bessie Smith, and men like Fletcher Henderson and Louis Armstrong.

Ten years ago the tag

"race record" was dropped in favor of "Rhythm and Blues," and that itself has developed into Rock and Roll.

It has a pounding beat, and introduces the old 12-bar blues construction. Solo instruments honk and squeal.

Briefly, it's basic jazz, but it is thought that young people, growing tired of cool music and vocalists who "bend" their notes at will, responded to the simple vigor of Rock and Roll.

The disc jockey who started the craze when he aired some

old Rhythm and Blues platters insists that youthful dancers don't listen to the lyrics, but that's a moot point.

Colored radio listeners accepted the records calmly because they were used to them, but the white pedal-pusher set literally went wild over the solid beat.

There are 2500 R. and R. clubs, and a recent jamboree took £38,000 at the box-office.

At another jamboree mass frenzy took over. Nappy



Brown, rising rocker, ended up flat on the floor, and half the audience writhed themselves to exhaustion point.

By comparison with a R. and R. session a Johnnie Ray night is like a quiet Sunday afternoon.

The fellow who touched off the spark now calls himself Lord High Rock and Roller. Other prominent personalities are Earl Bostic and Bullmoose Jackson.

Bands have also taken quaint names, such as The Cheers, The Drifters, The Charms, and The Crows.

Two tunes you may know began as R. and R. items, and, after toning down, ended up on U.S. hit parades: "Shake, Rattle, and Roll" and "Ko Ko Mo."

R. and R. may never come to Australia, but then, on the other hand, juvenile crazes have a habit of spreading. Maybe courses in physical culture are in order because, apparently, rocking and rolling is strenuous work.

Isn't it funny when you think that the Viennese waltz was once considered scandalous and was banned by polite society?

Candy Hardy
Frock Service:

MULTIPLE TEENAGE CHOICE

FOR teenage fashion versatility we nominate our mixable skirt-plus-blouse-plus-waistcoat combination. Skirt and waistcoat are corduroy velveteen, the blouse is wool twill. The panel below tells how to order.

Each garment can be bought ready to wear, as illustrated, or cut out ready to sew.



"AUDREY" — Man-tailored waistcoat in corduroy velveteen. The color choice includes red, royal-blue, brown, green, and American Beauty. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 55/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 57/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.



"KAYE" — Slender-line skirt with just the right amount of fullness for easy walking. The design features twin hip-pockets and a neatly buttoned belt fastening. The material is corduroy velveteen in the same color range as the waistcoat. Ready to Wear: Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, 73/11; 30in. and 32in. waist, 76/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 26in. and 28in. waist, 53/11; 30in. and 32in. waist, 56/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.



TO ORDER: Orders should be addressed to Candy Hardy Frock Service, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney, Tasmanian and New Zealand orders to the same address. Please make a second color choice and mention name of garment.

"ASTRID" — Smart American-style blouse finished with a zipper-front fastening and 3/4-length cuffed sleeves. The material is wool twill obtainable in cream, blue, pink, lemon, and oil-green. Ready to Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 61/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 62/11. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra. Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 41/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 42/11. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Your skin can have the glowing
beauty of Eleanor Parker's

— that's the promise of

LUX TOILET SOAP

Skin that glows on the outside is skin that's fresh and clean deep down, free from all impurities . . . Eleanor Parker's skin — because she, like 9 out of every 10 film stars, insists on Lux Toilet Soap only. Pure white Lux Toilet Soap cleanses deeply, thoroughly, safely — because it is perfectly pure. Its whiteness is your proof of its purity. Use pure white Lux Toilet Soap and you'll find it brings to your skin a new and lasting beauty.



Pure white LUX TOILET SOAP

used by 9 out of every 10 film stars

ELEANOR PARKER stars in
M-G-M's technicolor musical
"Interrupted Melody"





FIRST dish made from the basic recipe is plain steamed pudding shown above with hot raspberry sauce. Icing, cream, and sauce recipes are also given below.

THIRD is a ring cake iced with sherry-flavored butter icing and studded with blanched almonds.



SECOND product of the basic recipe is a batch of butterfly patty cakes (left) filled with mock cream.

DEBBIE

MAKES 3 DISHES . . . all from one mixture



PLAIN or fancy mould may be used for a steamed pudding. Sides and base of mould should be well brushed with melted butter and the top covered with greased paper.

THE quantity of mixture given in the following basic recipe is enough to fill one 5½ in. or 6 in. pudding mould, one 6½ in. ring-tin, and 12 patty-tins or paper patty-cases.

All spoon measurements are level.

BASIC RECIPE

Half-pound butter or substitute, 1 lb. castor sugar, 1 teaspoon vanilla, 3 eggs, good cup milk, 3 cups flour, 4 level teaspoons baking powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter until soft, gradually add sugar and vanilla. Beat until soft, white, and fluffy. Add unbeaten eggs one at a time, beating well after each one is added. Fold

in milk alternately with sifted flour, baking powder, and salt.

Divide into 3 equal portions, make pudding, cake, and patty-cakes in the following way:

Steamed Pudding: Fill 1-3rd of basic mixture into a well-greased 5½ in. or 6 in. mould. Cover with greased paper, place in steamer over saucepan of boiling water, or stand in saucepan with sufficient boiling water to come half-way up the mould. Cover saucepan tightly and steam approximately 1½ hours. Turn out, serve hot with sauce.

Ring Cake: Fill 1-3rd of basic mixture into greased 6½ in. ring-tin, bake in moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes. Turn carefully on to cake-cooler. When cold, spread

with chocolate icing and decorate with almonds.

Patty Cakes: Divide 1-3rd of basic mixture evenly between 12 greased patty-tins (or use paper patty-cases). Bake in hot oven 12 to 15 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler. Cut tops from cakes, and cut them into 2 pieces. Spoon whipped cream or mock cream on to cakes, and press cut pieces lightly into cream to represent butterflies' wings. Dust with sifted icing sugar.

Raspberry Sauce: Blend 5 level teaspoons arrowroot or cornflour with ¼ cup water. Place ¾ cup water in saucepan with ¼ cup raspberry topping (type used for ice-cream), 2 tablespoons raspberry jam, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

When nearly boiling, stir in blended arrowroot, continue stirring until boiling. Simmer 2 or 3 minutes. Serve hot.

Chocolate Icing: Cream 2oz. butter, gradually add 1 cup icing sugar sifted with 2oz. drinking chocolate (dry powder type). Add 1 teaspoon sherry. Beat 1 egg-white stiffly, gradually add another ¼ cup sifted icing sugar, fold into the chocolate mixture. Spread over the cake, decorate with blanched almonds.

Mock Cream: Cream 2 level tablespoons butter until quite soft, gradually work in 1¼ to 2 cups sifted icing sugar, and continue beating until smooth. Add 1 or 2 tablespoons milk, a little at a time, and beat until soft and fluffy, adding flavoring.



SMALL SLICE is cut from the tops of the patty cakes and a spoonful of cream placed on top. The slice is cut in two, replaced on the cream, then dusted with icing sugar.



COOLED ring cake is completely covered with chocolate icing spread with a knife. Blanched almonds are then arranged in a pattern around the top of the cake.

ASK FOR HOADLEY'S ARCTIC MINTS

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● Cash in on these handknit specials. They're a natural for the busy life you'll lead when spring says "Hi" to winter. Note the Givenchy sweater for evening dates . . . the lightness of the bolero-scarf



Zigzag-striped sweater

French sweater (above, left) in zigzag stripes will win you praise—or envy—at any get-together.

Materials: 7oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool (main shade), 3oz. Villawool "Horizon" crochet wool (contrast shade); 1 pair No. 11 needles; 1 stitch-holder; shirring elastic; 3 buttons.

Measurements: To fit 34 to 36in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 21½in.

Tension: 8 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 11 needles and main shade wool, cast on 140 sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4½in. Change to st-st., inc. 10 sts. evenly along 1st row.

Cont. even in st-st. till work measures 13in. (or length required).

To Shape Cap Sleeve.—Cont. in st-st., inc. 1 st. at beg. of next 10 rows, then cont. even in st-st. till work measures 15½in.

To Divide for Placket.—Right side facing, k 85, turn, cast on 5 sts., k 5, p to end of row.

Cont. on these 90 sts. only, for left side, working the 5 extra sts. in g-st. and the rem. in st-st. till work measures 21in.

To Shape Shoulder.—Cast off 3 sts. at sleeve edge on next 6 alt. rows, then cast off 10 sts. at beg. of following 3 alt. rows, at same edge. (42 sts.)

Cont. even on rem. sts. for 1½in. (neck facing).

Cast off 5 extra sts. at placket edge and work 1½in. in st-st. on rem. sts.

Cast off loosely. Join wool at placket edge, cast on 5 sts., and work this side to correspond with left side, making 4 buttonholes evenly spaced (the last 2 form double buttonhole when facing turned down).

To Make Buttonhole.—K 3, cast off 2 sts., work to end of row.

Next Row: Work to last 3 sts., cast on 2 sts., k 3.

FRONT

Made in 3 pieces. **1st Piece:** Using No. 11 needles, cast on 3 sts. in main shade, and working in st-st. and in stripes of 12 rows main shade and 12 rows contrast shade, cont. as follows:

Commencing at lower left-hand side seam, cast on 3 sts. at side edge at beg. of each k row and cast on 1 st. at front bodice edge each p row.

Cont. thus until side edge measures 9½in.

Then dec. 1 st. at side edge at beg. of every k row and inc. 1 st. at front bodice edge at beg. of every p row.

Cont. thus till piece measures 19½in. from beg. Then cont. to dec. 1 st. at beg. of k rows (side edge), k 3 tog. at beg. of every p row (bodice edge), until all sts. have been worked off.

2nd Piece (commencing lower right side at armhole edge): Using No. 11 needles and main wool, cast on 3 sts. working in st-st. and striped patt. as in 1st piece work as follows:

Cast on 1 st. at beg. of all k rows and cast on 3 sts. at beg. of all p rows till side edge measures 4½in., then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every p row (side edge) and inc. 1 st. at beg. of every k row till piece measures 19½in. from beg.

Cont. to dec. 1 st. at beg. of every p row, k 3 tog. at beg. of every k row till all sts. have been worked off.

3rd Piece: Work in similar manner as 1st piece until side edge measures 3½in.

Then inc. 1 st. at beg. of every p row and dec. 1 st. at beg. of every k row till side edge (shoulder edge) measures same as back shoulder to neck edge, cast on 20 sts. at side edge (knit row) for neck and facing, and cont. to inc. 1 st. on p rows and dec. 1 st. on k rows till neck edge measures same as back neck edge (not including 10 sts. added for placket), then cast off 21 sts. at beg. of next k row (side edge) and cont. to inc. on p rows and dec. 1 st. on k rows till piece measures 19½in. from beg., then finish off as for 1st piece.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join 3 front pieces tog., matching stripes, the 1st

Blouse with caped yoke

Jumper (left) with round yoke and front-buttoned neckline, perfect with slim skirts, is Paris-designed.

Materials: 5oz. Villawool "Horizon" crocheted wool (main shade), 4oz. Villawool "Horizon" crocheted wool (contrast shade); 1 stitch-holder; 1 pair No. 12 needles; 6 buttons; shirring elastic.

Measurements: To fit 34-36in. bust; length from top of shoulder, 22in. **Tension:** 9 sts. to 1in.

BACK

Using No. 12 needles and contrast shade wool, cast on 150 sts.

Work in rib of k 2, p 2 for 4½in. Cont. in st-st., working in stripes of 18 rows main shade and 10 rows in contrast shade.

Work even for 2in., then inc. 1 st. each end of every 10th row 5 times.

Cont. even in stripe patt. till work measures 14½in. (or length required to underarm).

To Shape Armholes.—Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then cast

piece placed at lower part of body, 2nd piece in centre, and 3rd piece at top. Join shoulder seams.

Front Basque.—Using No. 11 needles and main shade wool, pick up and k 140 sts. evenly along lower edge of 1st piece of front. Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 4½in. Cast off loosely.

Sleeve Facings.—Using No. 11 needles and main shade wool, pick up and k sts. evenly along sleeve edge and work for ½in. in st-st. Cast off loosely.

Join side seams.

Turn back 1½in. facing at neck edge (matching double buttonhole at placket). Sew around double buttonhole. Turn back ½in. facings at sleeve edges and st-st. to reverse side. Thread elastic through neck facing to firm neck line. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Press facings. Press seams open.

off 3 sts. at beg. of following 2 rows and finally cast off 1 st. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Work until 18th row of main shade stripe has been worked.

Cast off.

FRONT

Work same as back, having 40 sts. in centre of needle in main shade and the striped patt. on rem. sts. at each side.

When last stripe has been worked, place centre 40 sts. on stitch-holder and cast off rem. stripe sts. only.

FRONT OPENING FLAP

Join main shade wool to sts. on stitch-holder and cont. in st-st., casting on 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows (facings).

Next Row: (right side facing) k 7, p 1 (turn of facing), k 40, p 1, k 7.

Next Row: P 7, k 1, p 40, k 1, p 7.

Repeating these two rows, cont. even, making double buttonholes at 1½in. and 2½in. thus:

1st Row: (right side facing) k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 2, p 1, k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 2, p 1, k 2, cast off 3 sts., k 2.

2nd Row: P 2, cast on 3 sts., p 2, k 1, p 2, cast on 3 sts., p 33, cast on 3 sts., p 2, k 1, p 2, cast on 3 sts., p 2.

Cont. even until flap measures 2½in., then cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Cont. even in st-st. till flap measures 3½in., then make buttonholes thus:

Next Row: (right side facing) k 2, cast off 3 sts., k to last 5 sts., cast off 3 sts., k 2.

Next Row: P 2, cast on 3 sts., p to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., p 2.

Cont. even in st-st. till flap measures 3½in., then p one row on right side of work (turn of top facing) and cont. in st-st. till piece measures 3½in.

Make buttonholes in same manner as last set of buttonholes.

Cont. even in st-st. till flap measures 4½in. Cast off.

YOKE

Using No. 12 needles and contrast shade wool, cast on 372 sts.

Work 8 rows in st-st.

Work 1 row p on right side.

Work a further 8 rows in st-st.

Change to main shade wool, cast on 5 sts. at beg. of next row (front facing).

Next Row: (right side facing) p 1, k to last 6 sts., p 1, k 1.

Next Row: P 5, k 1, p to last 6 sts., k 1, p 5.

Cont. thus until yoke measures 2½in.

To Shape Shoulders and

Work 90th st. from each side, needle in p on k rows and p rows (shoulder line) and tog. each side of these sts. every row, at the same time (keeping as before) shape the yoke working tog. every 6th and 10th sts. in back piece every row, 5 times (having each dec. previous dec.).

When work measures 4in. to 12 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows when piece measures 8½in. to rem. sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Join side seams.

Turn back hems of front and flap at p sts. and slipstitch to side. Sew around double buttonholes.

Turn back yoke edge facing row and slipstitch to reverse turn back front edge facing in similar manner.

Place yoke over body of blouse and sew in place with invisible stitches. (Using No. 12 needles and main shade wool) around edge and work 6 rows in st-st. off loosely. Sew this facing reverse side. Face armhole edge front yoke edge to back yoke under arm in similar manner on buttons to correspond with holes. If desired, waist and hem be made firmer by threading shirring elastic.



Rancho weskit

Knit this slick top in a bold, bright color. It's a cinch for outdoor wear.

Materials: 5oz. Paton's "Azalea" crocheted wool (this is the only wool which should be used); No. 11 knitting needles; 6 small buttons.

Measurements: To fit a 32-35in. bust; length of shoulder, 17in.

Tension: 8½ sts. to 1in. in width.

RIGHT FRONT

Cast on 46 sts.

Work 7 rows in st-st.

Cast on 16 sts. at end of next row.

Work 2 rows in st-st.

11th Row: K 3, cast off 2 sts., k 5, cast off 2 sts., k to end of row.

12th Row: P to last 8 sts., cast on 2 sts., p on 2 sts., p 3.

Work 2 rows in st-st.

Inc. 1 st. at end of next and every following row until there are 80 sts. on the needle, at the same time work a set of buttonholes 11th and 12th and every following 13th row until 6 buttonhole sets have been worked commencing.

Work 1 row without shaping.

Cast off 16 sts. at beg. of next row.

Dec. 1 st. at front edge in next 4 rows.

In the next row, cast off 12 sts., p to last k 2 tog.

K 2 tog. at each end of next and every 3 times (39 sts.).

Cont. without dec. at front edge, but still st. every alt. row at armhole edge until 33 sts.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures from commencement on straight.

Shape shoulder by casting off 11 sts. at edge in next and every alt. row until all cast off.



Givenchy's evening sweater

Young Paris designer Givenchy emphasises the long-torso line with a ribbon tied on the hip.

Materials: Size A, 8oz.; size B, 8oz.; size C, 9oz., Villawool "Horizon" crocheted wool; 1 pair each Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 1 spare No. 13 needle; 3 stitch-holders; 5 small buttons; 2yds. 1½in. ribbon.

Measurements: To fit A, 32in.; B, 36in.; C, 36in. bust; length from shoulder, A, 23½in.; B, 24in.; C, 24½in. Instructions given are for size A; any variations for sizes B and C are given in parentheses.

BACK

Using No. 13 needles cast on 143 (B, 152; C, 160) sts.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1½in. Make slots for ribbon thus: (r.s.f.) Rib 6 (B, 6; C, 8), turn, using square needle rib these 6 (B, 6; C, 8) sts for 1½in. Leave on stitch-holder. Break wool and join to 7th (B, 7th; C, 9th) st. on basque and rib 19 (B, 20; C, 20) sts, turn, work in rib on these 19 (B, 20; C, 20) sts. for 1½in. leave on stitch-holder. Break wool and join to 27th (B, 28th; C, 30th) st. on basque, rib 9 (B, 10; C, 11) sts, turn, and work in rib on these 9 (B, 10; C, 11) sts. for 1½in. Break wool.

Cont. in this way, ribbing 19 (B, 20; C, 20) sts. and 9 (B, 10; C, 11) sts. alternately until 6 (B, 6; C, 8) sts. rem. Work in rib on these sts. for 1½in.

Next Row: Work across all sts. on stitch-holder, drawing wool firmly over each slot and joining in end of work.

LEFT FRONT

Work as given for right front, making shapings at opposite ends of needle and omitting buttonholes.

BACK

Cast on 96 sts. Work 14 rows in st-st. Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 4th row until there are 136 sts. on the needle.

Work 3 rows without shaping. Cast off 10 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows.

Dec. 1 st. at each end of next and every alt. row until 100 sts. rem.

Cont. without shaping until armhole measures same as front.

Shape shoulders by casting off 11 sts. at beg. of next 6 rows.

Cast off rem. sts.

Cont. even in rib till basque measures 4½in.

Next Row: (w.s.f.) Purl, dec. evenly along row to 136 (B, 144; C, 152) sts. Change to No. 11 needles and st-st. and cont. even till work measures 16 (B, 16½; C, 16½) in.

To Shape Armholes: (r.s.f.) Cast off 5 (B, 6; C, 7) sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 (B, 4; C, 6) rows, then dec. 1 st. at beg. of every row till 96 (B, 102; C, 108) sts. rem.

Cont. even in st-st. till armhole measures 4in. (measured on straight).

To Divide Sts. for Back Placket: (r.s.f.) K 48 (B, 51; C, 54), turn, leaving rem. sts. on stitch-holder, cont. on 48 (B, 51; C, 54) sts. only.

Next Row: K 5, p to end of row. Cont. even in st-st., keeping 5 sts. at placket edge in g-st., and making buttonholes every 12th row thus:

To Make Buttonholes: (w.s.f.) K 2, cast off 3 sts., p to end of row. Next Row: K to last 2 sts., cast on 3 sts., k 2.

Cont. even in st-st. till armhole measures 7½ (B, 7½; C, 8) in. measured on straight.

To Shape Shoulders: (r.s.f.) Cast off 9 (B, 10; C, 11) sts. at beg. of next 3 alt. rows.

Leave rem. sts. on a stitch-holder. Join wool to other side at placket edge, cast on 5 sts. for underlap, and keeping these 5 sts. in g-st. work left side to correspond with right side, reversing shapings.

TO MAKE UP

Press carefully. Sew shoulder and side seams, using a fine back stitch. Fold front bands in half and back-stitch across top and bottom of bands. Turn back and slipstitch on wrong side. Work round buttonholes. Turn back hem on lower edge of waistcoat and armholes, and slipstitch on wrong side. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes.

NECK BAND

Cast on 8 sts. 1st Row: K 2 tog., k to last st., inc. once in last st.

2nd Row: Inc. once in first st., p to last 2 sts., p 2 tog.

Rep. these 2 rows until band is sufficient length to go round neck. Press, then sew to neck, turn back and slipstitch on wrong side.



Bolero with scarf tie

This lightweight bolero from the Shetland Isles is worth every second of knitting time.

Materials: 8 ½oz. balls (main shade), 2 ½oz. balls (contrasting shade) Patons "Fuzzy Wuzzy" angora (this is the only wool which should be used); 1 pair each Nos. 9 and 12 knitting needles.

Measurements: To fit a 36-38in. bust: length at centre back, 15½in.

Tension: 6½ sts. and 9 rows to 1in., using No. 9 needles, measured over st-st.

BACK

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 74 sts.

1st Row: Knit.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1.

3rd Row: K twice into first st., k to last 2 sts., k twice into next st., k 1.

FRONT

Work as given for back until armhole shaping is completed. Then cont. even in st-st. until armhole measures 5½ (B, 5½; C, 5½) in. (measured on straight).

To Shape Neck: (r.s.f.) K 39 (B, 42; C, 45), slip 18 sts. on to a stitch-holder, join in a second ball of wool, k 39 (B, 42; C, 45). Cont. to work both sides at once, dec. 1 st. each side of neck edge every row, 6 times, then every alt. row until 27 (B, 30; C, 33) sts. rem. on each side.

Cont. even in st-st. till front measures same as back to shoulder.

To Shape Shoulders: Cast off 9 (B, 10; C, 11) sts. at armhole edges at beg. of next 6 rows.

Join shoulder seams.

ARMBANDS

Using No. 13 needles (r.s.f.) pick up and k 160 (B, 168; C, 176) sts. evenly around armhole edge.

Work in rib of k 1, p 1 for 1in. (r.s.f.) p 1 row.

Cont. in rib for a further inch. Cast off loosely.

NECKBAND

Using No. 13 needles (r.s.f.), commencing at left side of back placket, pick up and k, including sts. on stitch-holders, 118 (B, 124; C, 130) sts. evenly around neck edge.

Keeping 5 sts. in g-st. at each end of rows, work in rib of k 1, p 1, making a buttonhole when neckband measures ½in. and when band measures 1in. (r.s.f.), p 1 row.

Rib a further ½in., make another buttonhole, rib for ½in.

Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Press all st-st. areas with warm iron and damp cloth. Fold neckband and armbands at purl row and slipstitch cast-off edge to reverse side. Neaten end of placket. Sew on buttons to correspond with buttonholes. Join side seams. Thread ribbon through slots in basque and tie in bow on left-hand side. Press seams open.

4th Row: K 1, p to last st., k 1. Rep. the last 4 rows 6 times more. (88 sts. now on needle.)

Work 2 more rows st-st.

Now inc. 1 st. at each end of next 16 rows. (120 sts.)

47th Row: Cast on 3 sts., k to end.

48th Row: Cast on 3 sts., p to last st., k 1. (126 sts.)

Shape Sleeves:—Inc. 1 st. at each end of next and every following 8th row until 6 inc. rows have been worked and there are 138 sts. on needle.

Work 9 rows more. (50 rows have now been worked for sleeve edge.)

Shape Shoulders:—Cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 4 rows. Cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 12 rows. Cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 14 rows. Cast off rem. 38 sts. loosely.

RIGHT FRONT

Using No. 9 needles, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

2nd Row: K 1, p to last st., inc. twice in last st.

3rd Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

4th Row: K 1, p to last st., inc. twice in last st.

5th Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to end.

6th Row: P to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

7th Row: Cast on 2 sts., k to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

8th Row: K 1, p to last st., inc. twice in last st.

9th Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k to end.

Cont. thus, inc. 15 sts. at right side of work (front edge) every 9 rows, and 1 st. every 4th row at side edge until the 27th row has been worked and 54 sts. are on needle.

Next 7 Rows: Inc. 5 sts. during the next 7 rows at front edge, and inc. 1 st. every row at side edge thus:—

Inc. 1 st. at front edge on 1st, 2nd, 4th, 5th and 7th rows, at the same time, inc. 1 st. every row at side edge.

Rep. last 7 rows twice. (90 sts.)

Next 15 Rows: Inc. 6 sts. during next 15 rows at front edge (i.e., inc. 1 st. at front edge on the 2nd, 5th, 7th, 9th, and 12th and 14th rows); at same time, at side edge work thus:—Inc. 1 st. in every row for 4 rows. Cast on 3 sts. in the 5th row (this completes underarm, the side edge is now sleeve edge); 6th to 15th rows, work 2 inc. at sleeve edge thus:—Inc. 1 st. in the 7th and 15th rows. (105 sts.)

Cont. thus until there are 50 rows for sleeve edge and 6 inc. at this side in all. At the same time cont. to work 6 inc. every 15 rows at front edge. (125 sts.)

Shape Shoulder:—Cont. now to

inc. 1 st. every 5th row at front edge. At the same time cast off 2 sts. at beg. of next 2 purl rows (at armhole edge). Then cast off 3 sts. at beg. of next 6 purl rows, then cast off 4 sts. at beg. of next 7 purl rows. (80 sts.)

Neck Edge:—Next Purl Row: Cast off 30 sts. for neck, then cont. to inc. 1 st. at front edge and dec. 1 st. at neck edge every 5th row for 17 rows. (50 sts.)

Now cont. straight on these 50 sts. (no inc. or dec.) until straight piece measures 21in. Cast off.

LEFT FRONT

Work as for right front, reversed.

The side edge, sleeve edge, and shoulders are exactly as left side of the right front. The front edge is exactly as left front reversed up to the 48th row. (90 sts.) Cont. sleeve and shoulder shapings as for right front, but on front edge, dec. 1 st. on every alt. row until the last 18 rows, then dec. 1 st. at front edge on every row. Cast off rem. 2 sts.

TO MAKE UP

Press all pieces very lightly on wrong side under a dry cloth, using a warm iron. It is essential not to overpress. Join shoulder seams by back-stitching on wrong side, approx. ½in. from edge to ensure neat seams. Join side seams in same way. Press all seams lightly.

SLEEVE BANDS

Using No. 12 needles and contrasting color wool, cast on 7 sts.

Work in g-st. (every row knit) until band is long enough to reach round armhole from underarm to underarm (slightly stretched to make a firm edge). Cast off.

Work second sleeve band same way.

FRONT BORDER

Using No. 12 needles and contrasting wool, cast on 2 sts.

1st Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k 1.

2nd Row: K to last st., inc. 1 in last st.

3rd Row: Inc. 1 in first st., k to end.

Rep. the last 2 rows until there are 7 sts. on needle.

Cont. in g-st. until shorter edge of band is long enough to reach up left front edge, round back of neck, and along one side of scarf as far as cast-off edge. Cast off.

BOTTOM BORDER

Using No. 12 needles and contrasting wool, cast on 2 sts. and inc. as from border until 7 sts. on needle.

Now cont. in g-st. until band is long enough to reach along bottom of left front, across back, and up right front and along to cast-off edge of scarf. Cast off.

Borders must not flute. Neatly sew all borders to corresponding edges.

FRINGE

Cut a piece of cardboard 2in. deep, wind contrasting color around it 10 times, slip off, insert crochet hook into first st. of scarf, place the 10 strands on hook and pull through; now draw all strands through to form knot. Cont. working in this manner into every 3rd st.

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

ARIES The Ram MARCH 21—APRIL 20	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are July 21 and 25. Wear a red feather in your hat or bright red lipstick if you wish to attract fortunate vibrations.	★ Take the best means at your command to boost yourself as well as your income. You have a chance to think fast and act on favorable information.	★ Children may require extra attention just now. Minor illnesses may keep them home, or a domestic arrangement may not work smoothly. This is a passing phase.	★ Use your charm for all it's worth, but don't imagine yourself irresistible or you could be riding for a fall. Do not take every compliment at its face value.	★ You may decline a responsibility firmly and stick to your decision, either because the work has grown too heavy or because you have no interest.
TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21—MAY 20	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are July 22 and 24. A lemon or primrose scarf, bow, or blouse will help you in all your shopping and social expeditions.	★ Ideas crowd your mind, but you can't carry all of them out. You have to make a choice, and this may not be easy. Choose a target for the week and concentrate.	★ Your health, or efficiency, may suffer if you are worrying over trifles. The marriage partner may be able to help you handle things which you feel are beyond you.	★ Don't manufacture crises just to see what the boy-friend will do; it could lead to broken friendship very quickly, and fights always leave a scar.	★ Several jaunts in different directions for purely social purposes or for a good cause may yield better fruit than anticipated and help fulfil a wish.
GEMINI The Twins MAY 21—JUNE 21	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are July 19 and 23. Bring out that silver-grey costume or frock if you are out to make money in a business affair.	★ Upsetting problems may slow you down and hinder you when you have a heavy schedule. Postpone action until you have studied a proposition from all angles.	★ You may breeze in and out of your home on brief visits, but you can help to bring harmony, peace, and tranquillity with you—or the reverse.	★ Money enough to live up to a "big" reputation is your problem. The beloved will adore you in simple clothes, and buying your way into any group isn't worth it.	★ If you're raising funds for charity, watch expenses, which may rise rapidly because of the impractical ideas of workers. Otherwise, expensive entertainments.
CANCER The Crab JUNE 22—JULY 22	★ Lucky number this week, 4. Best days are July 22 and 25. Tweeds, tartans, with unusual belts or other accessories, are daytime beau-catchers.	★ Smooth out differences of opinion with associates, whose co-operation you need in your business affairs. This applies also to voluntary workers.	★ Put your pride in your pocket if you want to patch up disputes with your mate, family, or neighbors. If you make the first gesture, all of you will benefit.	★ Have faith in your ability to attract congenial members of the opposite sex. Build up your confidence and you'll see how quickly the one-and-only responds.	★ Pleasant social life with the emphasis on new friends, who may be drawing you into circles which differ from those with which you are familiar. It's interesting.
LEO The Lion JULY 23—AUGUST 23	★ Lucky number this week, 3. Best days are July 19 and 21. A touch of mauve in your dress, either as scarf or gloves, will be a means towards learning a secret.	★ Some of you may be asked to clean up affairs which are in a mess through the inefficiency of others. This means extra work, but it will earn you goodwill.	★ Any improvements and any work you put into your home increases its value beyond what you spend. Even small things may add to resale prices, so go ahead.	★ Giving happiness to others is one of your greatest pleasures, and you may have an opportunity to be helpful to one you love in connection with a big project.	★ You may turn a cold shoulder on a group which has imposed on you, and think things over. Casual amusements favored at the expense of organized efforts.
VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 24—SEPTEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 2. Best days are July 22 and 23. White for your evening dress, if you are young, and white earrings, if older, favor glamorous romance.	★ Line up everybody for teamwork; then you can get through the task in double-quick time. You may be asked to help out on a social occasion at work.	★ Visitors to your place of residence change the atmosphere and bring gaiety with them. You may find yourself coping with several groups, of different ages and tastes.	★ You are at your best as a marriage partner, being both solid and dependable. Don't forget that passion lends glamor to courtship, and your mate expects it.	★ Sports and outings may have to be postponed because of weather, or you may pursue a new hobby which is time-consuming. Teen-agers celebrate.
LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24—OCTOBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 1. Best days are July 23 and 24. An shade of yellow or nasturtium is tops for evening social success. Golden ornaments for daytime.	★ Extra work might have an attraction, as money is offered for it, and it could give you the opportunity to meet important people, which you enjoy.	★ You may engage in a reckless home enterprise and get it licked in short order, with admiration and compliments from all. Nothing ventured is nothing gained.	★ The unexpected could take a hand in your love affair, bringing surprises. If engaged, the wedding date may be advanced or you may settle in a new place.	★ There could be awkward moments if a matter which concerns you or your friends is discussed in public. Be diplomatic in what you say and try to change the subject.
SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24—NOVEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 5. Best days are July 21 and 24. Mist-green, sage-green, all grey-greens bring quick confidence and a knack of doing the right thing.	★ If you change your job, you may not be any better off, and you may lose seniority or other privileges. If you are discontented, wait and see before taking hasty action.	★ If you're house or flat hunting, but unable to find, or afford, quite what you want, you may stumble on an excellent compromise and turn it into something fine.	★ Try to understand the viewpoint of the one you love. You can be highly intelligent about people, but when love comes, you can be blindly unreasonable.	★ With the chance to obtain something dear to you, you may hesitate to hop in, because you are afraid people will think you greedy and eager for the limelight.
SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 24—DECEMBER 23	★ Lucky number this week, 6. Best days are July 21 and 23. Navy-blue will lend dignity to your personality, whether in social or business circles.	★ An unexpected event could affect the family fortunes and finances; if important decisions have to be made in career matters, obtain all possible information.	★ Even if you're all set for a showdown, or determined to get your own way regardless, remember that a talk might help you reach a better understanding.	★ A surprise party in honor of the beloved, or a celebration of some kind, may be the event of your week, and, being in the know, it may be hard to keep the secret.	★ Friends will look to you to provide the entertainment or to be the life of the party just when you would prefer to take a back seat. Suggest other leaders.
CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 24—JANUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 9. Best days are July 20 and 22. All rose shades, as well as cherry or garnet, will bring you the admiration of the opposite sex.	★ Is someone trying to persuade you to invest money in a sure thing showing a big profit? Don't be an easy mark. Your savings could melt away.	★ Newlyweds will be fixing up their first home, and work shared will add happy memories. Older folk glean ideas for a bit of redecorating.	★ The strains of the "Wedding March" sound for many of you. The young-marrieds welcome an addition to the family, older married folk may go on holiday.	★ Look ahead and work out a formula which you can apply when demands on your energy reach an all-time high. Unload responsibilities, make sure you are rested.
AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20—FEBRUARY 19	★ Lucky number this week, 8. Best days are July 19 and 22. Black and white, charcoal-grey, smart, tailored clothes will help you in practical affairs.	★ If you drive yourself too hard, your nervous system is going to pay the penalty. Accomplish essential tasks and call it a day by relaxing.	★ Turn out cupboards for treasure trove. Old belongings can find new uses. Millinery and dressmaking are likely to be factors, or any creative domestic skills.	★ The family and relatives of the one you love are important. In-laws can be a blessing, provided they have the tact not to interfere. Kindness to them is appreciated.	★ You are likely to try to use your social contacts for personal benefit. If you are modest in your demands, this could work out to everybody's satisfaction.
PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20—MARCH 20	★ Lucky number this week, 7. Best days are July 20 and 25. Every shade of the rainbow, colors which blend, or several tints of the same color attract love.	★ For once, everything clicks. That better job you have in view may present itself, or an old friend may come to work alongside you, or you may receive a small bonus.	★ A joint venture of the whole family may show a surprising profit. You may discover a long lost article, or receive a windfall from a member of the family.	★ An offer of marriage, an "understanding" that leads to an engagement are all under friendly stars. Lovers young and old find a new thrill in each other's company.	★ An old friend may be in trouble socially or financially and call on you for help. Your advice should be sound; it will be appreciated and followed.



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Crest—the choice of Pan American hostesses

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DRESS SENSE By Betty Keep

● The ways and wiles of dressing for parties are a recurring question in the fashion mail. I have chosen the following at random because it is not possible for me to give you all a personal answer.

ONE girl of fifteen wonders if she is too young to wear a frock with a strapless top to a party taking place in August. The party is quite informal. I say no, the idea is unsuitable.

Quite apart from the age group, a dress in this category would be too formal and uncovered for an informal gathering. The dress I suggest (it's illustrated at right) is made in velveteen; it would be equally attractive in taffeta. The design has one of the new dropped waistlines, an oval neckline, and soft skirt fullness. Should you require a paper pattern for my design, it is obtainable in sizes 30in. to 36in. bust. See lines under sketch for further details and how to order.

Another youthful reader inquires if it is permissible to wear wrist-length gloves with a deb's dress. Yes, is the answer—wrist gloves are an American fashion and one I like. Youthful arms are very pretty, so why cover them up?

Here are some other fashion problems I have selected to answer.

"I HAVE bought some mauve rayon silk with a black spot and now can't decide how it should be made. Will you help me with the design, also a suggestion for accessories? I don't like the A-line styles. I am in my teens."

I suggest shirtwaist style finished with a neat little black velvet collar, buttoned from collar to hemline with black buttons. Have the dress finished with a black patent-leather belt to match black patent sandals and black wrist-length gloves. By the way, have the sleeves set-in, rather narrow and cuffed, reaching to just below elbow length.

"WOULD you please assist me with an idea for some beautiful French sheer wool in a yellow shade? I also have 1yd. of matching silk taffeta. I am SSW fitting, age 20, 5ft. 5in. in height."

For the coming season a two-piece dress is newer than a one-piece, and as you have a slim figure it would be a flattering fashion for you to adopt. Have the top half of the two-piece a semi-fitted overblouse, reaching to hip-length, with the taffeta used as an inset collar and tiny yoke. Have the sides of the overblouse slit and marked with buttons, sleeves set in and wrist-length, and the skirt slender.

"I WANT to buy a coat for between-seasons wear and would like you to advise me about length and other fashion details."

A style that anticipates spring's newest coat silhouette is the short, cane-slim coat approximately 40in. in length. The coat is generally single-breasted, with a soft shoulder-line, set-in, narrow sleeves, and flap pockets placed to emphasise the elongated look.

PLEASE suggest an idea for a one-piece frock and its material and color. I can't wear a long-torso frock and the design you give me must be suitable for general day wear. I am 17, and have just completed a dressmaking course and am eager to start making some new frocks."

My suggestion for your dress is a classic shirtwaist dress made in wool tartan. Be it the dress has the narrow hem so predominant in current fashion. I consider a shirtwaist is both practical and smart, and suitable to be worn either as dressy or casual wear in city, suburb, or resort.



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Beauty in
Brief:

It pays to pamper feet

● Neglected feet can cause a strained face and ungraceful bearing. It pays to have professional chiropody treatment if corns, calluses, or enlarged joints bother you. But regular home care can combat these troubles.

When feet are tired, soak them for 15 minutes in warm, soapy water, dry them thoroughly on a soft towel, and rub them gently with pure spirit. Dust them with talcum before putting on stockings.

A gentle rub with pumice-stone will help keep down calluses, and a little oil on the heels will prevent chapping in cold weather.

If metatarsal arches are weak, wash-

able sponge-rubber pads which hook over a toe will give relief from pain, and you can build up sagging muscles with the right exercise.

"Picking up marbles" is the simplest. Sitting in a chair, place the feet flat on the floor. Spread the toes out to the widest extent, then curl them under as if you were trying to pick up imaginary marbles. Repeat several times daily.

WE met the members of the visiting Austrian rapid soccer team on the day of their arrival in Sydney, when some of them were feeling seedy from the effects of vaccinations.

We expressed sympathy to Hans Riegler, a 26-year-old insurance salesman from Vienna who looks rather like Hollywood movie star Kirk Douglas.

"All of us have had many needles," he said unhappily. "Needles for this, needles for that. We have been injected for everything except hand-and-claw disease."

"Hand and claw?" we asked. "Do you mean foot and mouth disease?"

"Yes, yes," he said, and went on to tell us about South America.

It is a wonderful place, a real paradise for professional football players. They earn much money. South Americans are crazy for sport.

"In the newspapers over there the first and biggest picture is sport, the second picture is sport, the third picture is sport. Picture number four will be a beautiful girl, and the fifth is politics."

Hans Riegler has played in every country in Europe except Finland, Norway, and Romania.

"In Vienna, when the crowd doesn't like what's happening on the field they whistle," he said. "In Moscow the people whistle at the players if they are enjoying the game. We could not get used to it."

Worth Reporting

Hans brought with him from Vienna two bottles of local wine. He explained:

"There are little places around Vienna which are not cafes and not nightclubs, called heurigen, where you go to drink wine, eat the good food, and sing with the band. They are very good fun."

"The wine is usually new, and not always, perhaps, very good, but everybody drinks it."

"Now I am going to be in Australia for my birthday, so I bring this wine with me to celebrate."

A WAITRESS in a Melbourne cafe missed her aim while squirting cream from a "squeezer" into a customer's coffee.

"Good thing you had your raincoat on, eh?" she commented cheerfully, effectively silencing the customer's protests.

No interest in nudes

ONE hundred doctors, 40 chemists, 32 dentists, and one veterinary surgeon exhibited paintings and other works of art at a medical artists' exhibition in Paris.

In the whole exhibition not one doctor showed a nude study.

One of the exhibitors, a surgeon, said he saw so many nudes in the course of his work that he would never think of painting them.

Another way of remembering

INSTEAD of sending floral tributes to funerals, the Brotherhood of St. Laurence, in Victoria, has launched a scheme to help the living.

It is called "The Better Way," and is derived from Sweden's long-established "Flower Fund."

Instead of buying wreaths, the relatives and friends of

the deceased send a donation to the Brotherhood.

All donations are placed in a trust fund, and when there is sufficient money the Brotherhood builds a cottage for an elderly person. The cottage is dedicated to the memory of those whose friends have remembered them in this way.

The Better Way Fund now stands at £160.

Paris all at sixes and sevens

WE hear from a French visitor of the quaint but effective methods used by traffic authorities to control parking in some districts of Paris.

On the odd numbered days of the month all traffic parks in front of shops and houses bearing odd numbers.

On the days of the month with even numbered dates, cars park on the side of the street with even numbered addresses.

BOOK NEWS

By Helen Frisell

WHEN part-Polynesian doctor Tom Davis took his New Zealand-born wife back to his native island of Rarotonga (where he had been appointed Medical Officer) his family and friends welcomed them with frangipani ei (not lei) and fed them sucking pigs, sea eggs, fried breadfruit, sea-slug fritters, and tropical fruits.

That first glimpse of Rarotonga seemed to Lydia (co-author with Tom Davis of "Doctor to the Islands") colorful, romantic, and just what a Pacific island should be.

But once resident, Lydia and Tom discovered that Rarotonga's economy was shaky, that the islanders were poverty-stricken, and that beneath the creepers, trees, and tropical shrubs lurked the mosquitoes which carried the disease of filariasis.

Right from the start Doctor Tom Davis bucked authority, battled the mosquitoes, insisted on modern drugs and methods, and gradually persuaded native mothers not to bath children six times a day, and not to dress

babies in layers of woollen dresses and jackets.

In their book, Tom and Lydia Davis write alternate chapters (which is rather disconcerting for the reader), describing their life and work, the people they met, and the distant islands they visited.

The book is fascinating, and forcefully written.

Dr. Davis, his wife, and sons subsequently sailed from New Zealand in the schooner Miru to Peru, covering 12,000 miles in 155 days.

The book ends with the account of this voyage.

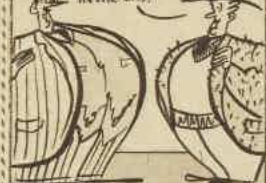
Tom Davis and many authorities disclaim the Kon-Tiki story, which says that Peruvians originally populated the Pacific islands.

Their theory, based on song and legend, is that the Polynesians, led by the great navigator Maui Marumamao, crossed the Pacific to Peru in their sailing canoes, and returned from there bringing with them some of the customs of the Incas.

Published by Michael Joseph. Copy from Angus and Robertson.

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

YES MY WIFE HAS BEAUTIFUL TEETH, SHE HAS THEM ATTENDED BY A DENTIST HERE IN THE CITY.



BUT YOU'RE THREE HUNDRED MILES OUT IN THE COUNTRY, ISN'T THAT A LONG WAY TO COME EACH TIME?



GOODNESS NO, SHE MAILS THEM!!!



By RUD



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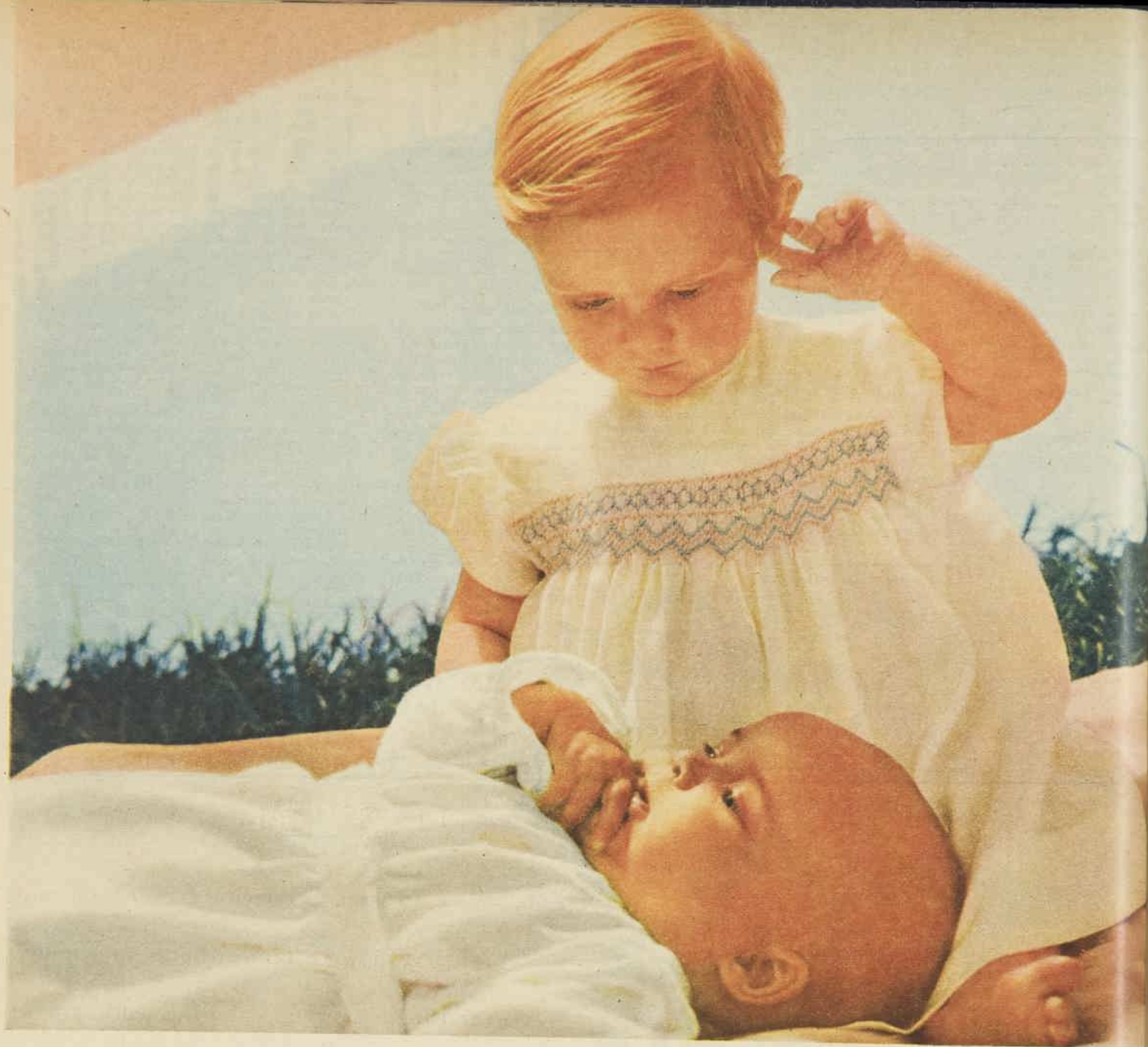
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again. It's getting embarrassing. This must be the fourth or fifth time they've tried to get us. And, after all, they're only down the road. We don't have to stay over an hour."

"You said yes," Jim accused her.

"We don't want to hurt their feelings, Jim. They're awfully nice. Remember how they came over and introduced themselves and asked if they could help us when we moved in?"

"Friday night," Jim said grimly.

"You can sleep late in the morning, dear," Helen tried to console him.

"It's Rocky Massarelli and Honeyboy Jones tonight," Jim said.

"Are they somebody important?"

"They're just the second and third best boxers in the country," Jim said. "The winner's been promised a shot at the title."

Jim had never paid to see a fight, but now that he had his television set he had begun to sound like a regular at Stillman's Gym.

"I've got to watch that fight," Jim said. "I've got a bet on Rocky with a fellow at the office."

"Can't he win without your watching him?"

"Helen, for goodness' sake, I've been working like a dog these days. The pace at the office has been something awful. Don't you think I'm entitled to a little relaxation?"

"You call that relaxation—all those people screaming—two men hitting each other?"

"I enjoy it," Jim said. "That Rocky Massarelli is something to watch. I wouldn't miss this one tonight for anything. So you just better call the Taylors and—"

"What am I supposed to be doing while you're looking at

the fight? I have a notion to go to the Taylors' all by myself. I can tell them you're not feeling well."

If there was one thing Jim disapproved of, it was Helen's going anywhere without him.

"You'd better stay here," he said darkly. "You'll blush when you tell 'em I'm sick, and they'll just think I'm a stinker."

"I don't care," Helen said. "It's no fun sitting around while you're shouting. 'Come on, Rocky!' I can't even read in the room."

"It takes only an hour. Gosh, you're in an awful mood tonight."

"And I wish you could see your face. Just because you miss your precious Somerville, you look as if you've got apoplexy. Jim, I wish you'd relax."

"Relax! That's what I'm trying to do—relax!" Jim shouted. "I relax when I watch the fights."

Helen stared at him. "After dinner I am going to get dressed and go to the Taylors'." She walked towards the hall. In the doorway she turned.

"If I stay home we'll just have another argument. It seems to me we've had more fights in the past few months than in all the rest of the seven years we've been married. I couldn't take one tonight." She disappeared into the kitchen.

"Helen, come here!" She did not answer him.

"Helen!"

Swearing softly, he went to the phone to call Bill Ryerson. His wife had let him down, but maybe Bill would come over; it was always more fun to watch a fight with some-

body else. There was no answer at the Ryersons'.

Jim had just sat down to dinner when the phone rang again. Helen was getting the casserole out of the oven, so he had to answer it. It was Mrs. Prescott, calling about the Women's Voters again. For heaven's sake, why did they have to call at this hour of the night? Couldn't they get their silly business over with during the day?

Please, Helen said, Mrs. Prescott would hear him. Jim went back to the dinner table feeling much abused. No woman could understand what a man goes through in a day.

"The man who has not anything to boast of but his illustrious ancestors is like a potato—the only good belonging to him is underground."

— Sir Thomas Overbury.

Helen ought to have such a day. Just once.

And when a man comes home with his nerves still jumpy she gets annoyed because he wants to watch a few harmless television shows. It was enough to make a fellow want a vacation—yes, a long vacation—from marriage, from everything.

The phone rang again a few minutes later.

"Let it ring," Jim said. "They'll call back again if it's really important."

But it kept ringing, a dozen times, and finally Helen said, "That sound is more nerve-racking than if we answered it."

She got up and went to the

Continuing . . . Kiss and Forget

from page 3

phone, but the anonymous caller hung up just as she lifted the receiver. The meal was finished in nervous silence.

After Helen had cleared off the dishes, she went upstairs to dress. Jim didn't say a word. He settled down in the living-room to watch his favorite plainclothesman detective outwit the killers again.

A couple of bit players had been massacred in a hurry and the chase was on.

"Jim, does it have to be that loud?" Helen called from upstairs.

"Why should you care? You'll be out of the house in a few minutes, anyway," Jim shouted. It was a little too loud, he realised. But he'd be darned if he'd turn it down now.

A sharp crackling sound came from the loudspeaker. The second time he heard it he looked towards the window and saw a shaft of lightning ripping through the sky.

He made the rounds of the lower floor, closing all the windows. A barrage of thunder went rolling through the night. The rain came suddenly, slapping against the windowpanes. In a few minutes Helen came down.

"It's really raining," Jim said.

"Yes, I hear it," Helen went to the cupboard and brought out her raincoat.

"You're still going?"

Helen got into the coat like a fireman preparing for a disaster from which he must not flinch. Jim knew she was afraid of thunder and lightning. He followed her to the door.

She opened it and peered

out into the driving rain. A clap of thunder drove her back into the house.

"Raining terribly hard," she said. "A sloppy night."

"Maybe you better stay home with me and watch Rocky Massarelli," Jim suggested.

"No, but—I'll wait a few minutes."

She sat in the living-room leafing through a magazine while Jim's detective shot it out with the murderer. Every few minutes the loudspeaker picked up the lightning. And the wind outside was competing with the dialogue.

"Some storm," Jim said. "It's ruining the reception."

Helen sat nervously on the edge of her chair. Finally she got up and peered out the window just as a bolt of lightning came frighteningly close. She jumped back. Then the lights went out and the television set was silent.

They sat in the dark for a moment listening to the terrifying sounds of the storm. Then Helen found her voice.

"Jim?" she croaked. "Jim, it's scary."

"Don't panic," he said. "Maybe a tree went down somewhere and fell across a wire." He snapped on his cigarette lighter and held it up.

Helen looked at his face in the flickering light across the room. People can get so used to each other that they don't see each other's faces any more, she thought suddenly.

"Thank goodness I bought some candles at that sale last Tuesday," she said.

"We can't spend the rest of the night with the candles," Jim said. "I guess I'll have to go to the attic and get that oil lamp."

"You mean the one you

were going to change over to electric light?"

"When have I had time to fool with it lately?"

"I'm not criticising you," Helen said. "Now isn't it lucky you didn't get around to it?"

"Stop being so darned cheerful," Jim grumbled. "Just tell me where the candles are and I'll get them lit."

"And leave me here all alone in the dark? Oh, no. I'm going with you."

In a few minutes, half a dozen candles filled the room with warm, yellow light. Jim came down from the attic holding the oil lamp. "If we don't set the house on fire tonight it'll be a miracle," he said.

"Oh, Jim, that throws a wonderful light," Helen said. "I'll bet the ceiling will be a mess in the morning," Jim said.

"Jim, you know, sometimes we forget," Helen said. "People lived for thousands and thousands of years with no other light but this, and look at the amazing things they did, Shakespeare and Milton, and—"

"I'll bet Milton went blind from eye-strain."

Helen ignored the interruption. "I'd forgotten how much I loved candlelight," she said. "We ought to have some nights when we don't use electricity."

"It is kind of restful," Jim admitted. He looked at his watch. "Say, almost ten o'clock. Time for the fights."

He went over to the set and turned the knob. He waited a moment, but nothing happened. "Am I a dope? No current. No TV. No nothing. We're cut off. Cut off from everything."

"Oh, Jim, now you won't be able to see Rocky What's-his-name."

"Massarelli." In the candlelight in this house in the country, the name of the fighter at Madison

To page 40

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You can tell she's a happy baby. She's just come fresh and smiling from her Pears bath. Her soft, lovely complexion has known only the tender care of pure, mild Pears soap. Pears purity and mildness, so important for baby's skin, can do wonderful things for your complexion, too. Because every cake of Pears is matured for a full 14 weeks, you know it's mild. You know it's pure, too, because you can see right through it. Get an amber tablet of pure, mild Pears soap to-day.



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To every baby born this year, we offer a free Gift Box of Pears soap. Just send your baby's name, address and doctor's name to 'Pears Baby Offer', Sydney.

Square Garden in New York City had an unnatural sound."

"Rocky Massarelli," he repeated. "Well, I guess I'll have to read about it in the papers tomorrow."

The thunder and lightning had stopped, but the rain was still whipping at the window-panes.

"A fire would be cosy," Helen said.

"Yeah," Jim said. "Good idea."

He felt relieved to have something to do. He got his flashlight and went down to the cellar for the kindling.

He had to run out through the rain to the garage to get the logs. The wind tore at his face and the rain ran down the back of his cap and into

his collar. Helen was waiting to open the back door for him.

"That's an awful lot to carry in one trip," she said.

"Should hold us for a while." He was breathing hard and it felt good to be back in the house, but it had felt good to be out there, too, with Helen inside waiting for him and a man's job to be done in the weather.

She followed him back into the living-room and helped him through the doorway with the cumbersome logs. "I wouldn't have gone out into that storm for anything," she said.

Continuing . . . Kiss and Forget

from page 39

"Oh, it wasn't too bad," Jim said.

In a few minutes he had a blazing fire going. It lighted the room so well that they didn't even need the candles.

"Wonderful," Helen said, arching her back against it. "Oh, I'd better call the Taylors and say I'm not coming."

"If the lights are off, more than likely the phone isn't working, either." Jim picked up the receiver, listened a moment, and replaced it in the cradle. "Nope. It's dead."

"That's great," Helen said. Then she looked into the fire

and smiled. "Nobody can call us, and we can't call anybody. And there's no radio and no television and . . ."

"There doesn't even seem to be a car on the road," Jim said, trying to see out through the downpour.

"It's quiet," Helen said. "Peaceful. You can hear yourself think."

They looked at each other and began to smile. "You know, Helen," Jim said, "you look awfully pretty tonight."

"Well!" Helen said. "Maybe the power should go off more often. There's nothing like firelight."

"Remember the trip we took just after we were married?" Jim asked. "When we camped out at Yosemite?"

"And you couldn't get the fire going?" Helen laughed.

"It wasn't my fault; the wood was damp," Jim grinned. "And I was so upset because I was trying to impress you."

"It was nice. And you did get the fire going finally. A beautiful fire."

"Remember the mulled wine we made over that fire?"

"Mulled wine. That's an inspiration," Helen said.

"We can do it right here in the fireplace," Jim said.

"Jim, you're a genius. You get the wine; I'll get all the other stuff."

In a little while they were drinking the steaming wine laced with the fragrance of cloves and cinnamon.

"Mmm, that's the most warming thing in the world," Helen said.

"We ought to make that Yosemite trip again," Jim said, inhaling the fumes from his

mug. "We've been going pretty hard these past few years."

"It does seem as if we never have time to talk any more," Helen agreed.

"We'll make time. After all, we aren't middle-aged yet. Not quite."

She curled up under his arm. "Age isn't important." She squeezed his hand. "You know, Jim, even when we're fighting I'm still loving you. You know that, don't you?"

"I know, honey. Those are just our nerves snapping at each other."

They sat for a few moments without having to say anything.

"Jim, once in a while doesn't it feel good to slow down, to have to draw from ourselves . . .?"

She stood up and went over to the piano. Her fingers were stiff and she had to start over again.

"Remember that?"

"Nola? Sure do. That isn't bad. Keep playing."

"I'm all thumbs," she said.

"But it's fun. Come on, Jim, how about a duet? We used to be pretty good together."

"Sweetheart, I doubt if I could still find Middle C."

"Come on—just for fun. You can't be any worse than I am."

Feeling a little foolish, Jim slid on to the bench beside her. He flexed his fingers. "Well, you asked for it," he said.

They started together with gusto and they managed to finish together, more or less. They argued good-naturedly about the tempo and tried again.

"Listen, I'm not bad," Jim said. "I'm surprising myself."

The logs crackled in the fireplace. The home-made music

and the home-made light filled the room.

"By gosh, I think we should do this at least once a week," Jim said as they brought the next piece to an exuberant finish without striking more than a couple of sour notes.

"We may not be good, but we're loud," Helen said.

"Good and loud," Jim laughed. "I really forgot what fun it was to bang away on the old ivories. Maybe we should take lessons again—we talked about it once. Remember?"

"I'd love it!" Helen said warmly.

As they turned back to the music, the lights came on.

"They fixed that pretty quick," Jim sounded disappointed.

"Goodness, it's bright," Helen said.

"I'll turn 'em off. Us artists need atmosphere."

"Maybe you can still catch the last few rounds of the fight."

"Aw, let's keep it this way," Jim said. "It's a hundred years ago and we're a thousand miles from nowhere and . . ." There was nothing more to say. It was like old times.

After they polished off several more pieces, they sat together looking into the fire, telling each other some of the things there had not been time to talk about before, and feeling a closeness to each other that they had almost forgotten.

Then they went through the hall snuffing out the candles, paused on the landing to listen to the rain, and went upstairs to bed.

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All characters in the sketch and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

Iron-on transfer



BUSY mothers will welcome these color transfer motifs, which are simply ironed on to clothes in a matter of minutes to give them a hand-embroidered effect.

On transfer sheet No. 1003C there are four small and two large chicks and pretty daisy motifs suitable for children's clothes.

Price of the transfer is 2/-.

With each transfer there is a diagram sheet showing how to use the transfer and directions for washing and ironing so that the transfer colors will keep clear and bright.

Patterns for the pinafore which is also shown, to fit sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years, are also available. Price 2/- each.

Complete set of transfer sheet and pattern costs 4/-. Send orders to our Needlework Department. See address page 61.



"A wonderful new idea for Spring . . . Beautiful British Lace with contemporary furniture!"

says DEL CARTWRIGHT, well-known Australian home expert, who has recently returned from a world tour, visiting 21 countries. Miss Cartwright appeared on TV in Britain and the U.S.A. and spoke with home-making editors everywhere.

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No, there never has been and never will be anything quite to replace the charm of Lace . . . its grace . . . the air of luxury and refinement it lends to any room, whether traditional or contemporary. As soft, fadeless, Spring-like curtains for every type of window . . . as the correct setting for formal dining . . . as bedspreads of unsurpassed loveliness, there is nothing like beautiful easy-to-wash British Lace.

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British Lace is the one way to make *your* home look so much more attractive and charming, without spending a mint of money. Why not ask to see the glorious new British Lace designs and patterns that have just arrived from Scotland and Nottingham at your favourite store? You'll see there's something special about *British Lace*.



BRITISH LACE
FOR TO-DAY'S HOMES

LOOK FOR
THIS SEAL



KING'S RHAPSODY

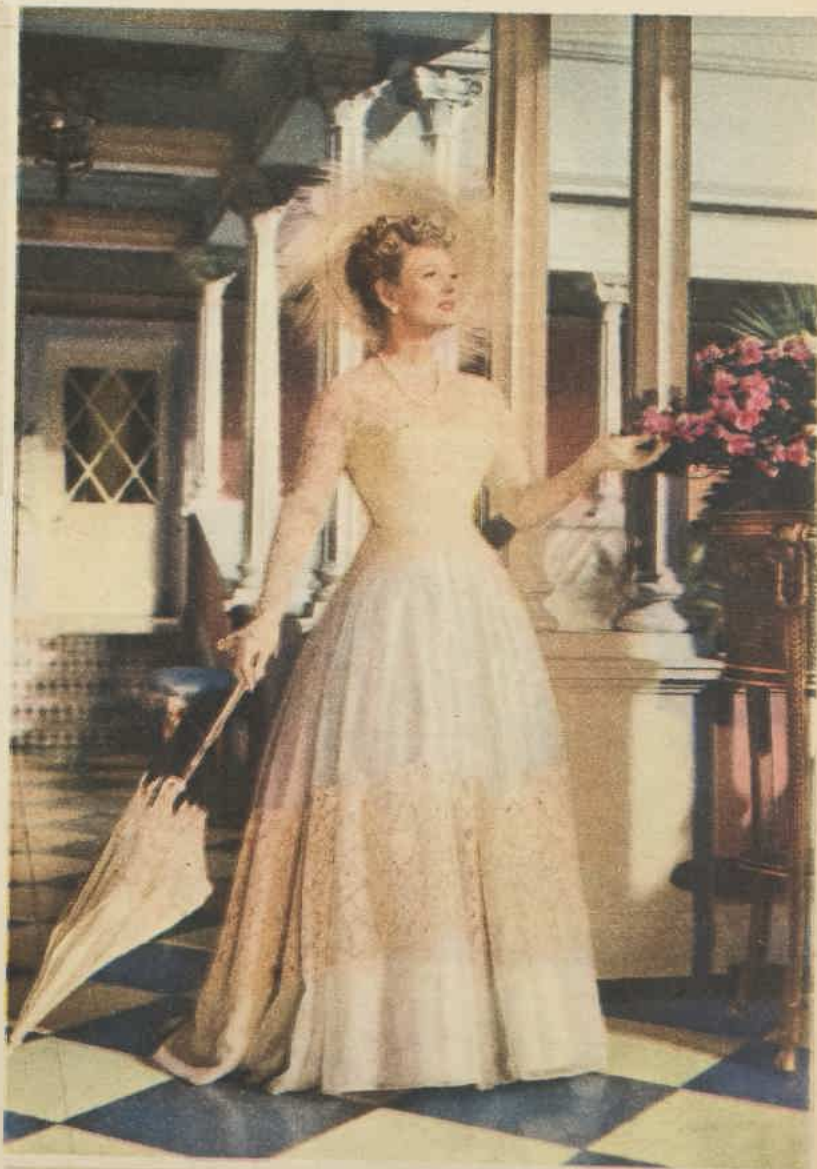
• Teamed for the second time following their success in "Lilacs in the Spring," Anna Neagle and Errol Flynn co-star in the Herbert Wilcox production of Ivor Novello's musical romance, "King's Rhapsody." Two of the most beautiful dresses worn by Anna in this new Everest film are shown here.

Film Fan-Fare



KING RICHARD OF LAURENTIA (Flynn) finds escape from the duties of kingship in the arms of his lovely mistress Marta Karillos (Anna Neagle).

LEFT: Alone after her lover has left her to return to his own country to become king, Marta Karillos sadly sips champagne in a Monte Carlo hotel.



LEFT: Abdicating in favor of his son, King Richard says goodbye to Queen Christiane, played by Patrice Wymore, who in real life is married to Errol Flynn.

ABOVE: Anna Neagle wears this beautiful cream chiffon and lace gown with matching hat of ospreys in one of the many romantic sequences of "King's Rhapsody."



QUICK-EZE

FOR INDIGESTION!

Acclaimed throughout Australia for swift, sure relief from acidity, flatulence, sour or nervous stomach, heart-burn, dyspepsia.



HERE'S PROOF!

Dear Sirs,

I have been suffering from indigestion for the past 10 years. I have tried many indigestion powders and had no relief.

A friend of mine recommended Quick-Eze.

By putting one or two of the tablets in my mouth I have found immediate relief from pain.

Yours truly,

(Original on file) (Sgd.) N. T. JONES.

NO FUSS, NO MIXING—EAT LIKE SWEETS

"Quick-Eze" antacid tablets are a combination of FIVE active prescriptions for prompt relief from indigestion, flatulence, dyspepsia, heart-burn and acidity.

Thousands throughout Australia can now testify to their amazing efficacy in the treatment of digestive disorders. Keep a packet with you, always, in pocket or purse—take one or two tablets after every meal and forget, for all time, those knife-thrust chest pains of indigestion and the breath-catching burn of acidity.

Eat what you like—drink what you like—and complete your enjoyment with a refreshing, peppermint flavoured "Quick-Eze" antacid tablet.



THE VETERANS

By
ERIC LAMBERT

The gifted author of Twenty Thousand Thieves has written another superb story about the Australian Digger, on leave, and in action in New Guinea.

Price 15/6

From all Booksellers



1 ARRIVING in Venice on her first European holiday, American secretary Jane Hudson (Hepburn) is shown to pensione room by Fiorina (Isa Miranda).

2 ALONE in Venice and at the beginning of her great adventure, Jane, with typical efficiency, sets out to absorb the foreign atmosphere. The first friend she makes is a little urchin named Mauro (Gaitano Audiero).

SUMMER MADNESS

★ Filmed in color entirely on location in Venice, "Summer Madness" is Katharine Hepburn's first European-made film. It is a screen adaptation of the Broadway stage success "The Time of the Cuckoo," and has a script by David Lean and H. E. Bates. Lean also directed.

Playing opposite Katharine Hepburn in this London Films production is Italian star Rossano Brazzi. Isa Miranda, formerly well known in Hollywood, plays a supporting role.



3 ATTRACTED to an antique shop by a red goblet in the window, Jane finds the owner, Renato Di Rossi (Rossano Brazzi), is the man she saw in a cafe the previous evening. He sells her the goblet, promising to find another to make a pair.



4 WRITING postcards on pensione terrace, Jane is glad of company of Phil Jaegar (Mari Aldon). When Eddie Jaegar (Darren McGavin) comes to take Phil to Harry's Bar, Jane knows herself unwanted.



5 SUSPICIOUS of authenticity of goblet, Jane meets Renato at a cafe, and as the night wears on she falls under the spell of the city and of her worldly companion.



6 FORGIVING Renato for not telling her that he has a wife and children, Jane is persuaded to go with him for a few days' holiday to an island across the Adriatic lagoons. Jane leaves, knowing that their romance cannot continue.



7 REALISING the impossibility of the situation, Jane looks for the last time at Venice, the city where she discovered herself and found love.

27 times a day

your hands are in water

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and—WASH.



Breakfast . . . greasy fingers!



Scrubbing young'un.



Sandwiches (more mess).



Oh, those "eggy" plates!



Ugh! wash off that dishwasher.



What a wash!



Wash hands—make a "cuppa."



Swish, swosh. Rinse cup.



Scrub-rub! Horrid job.



Clean-up after clean-up.



Wash 'frige. (Brr, it's cold!)



Wash hands—get lunch.



Quick—wash 'em up.



Going shopping.



Damp those clothes!



"Cuppa" time—another rinse.



Garden: more "splash."



Wash hands—dirty job!



Scale fish—smelly job!



Make pastry—sticky job!



"Pretty-up" for dinner.



Help! Those pots!



Clean hands (clean knitting).



Wash hands for supper!



Last wash-up . . . hooray.



Ash . . . a nice, hot bath.

TRUSHAY guards hands

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In three sizes. 2/3, 3/6, 5/9, from all chemists and the better stores.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 20, 1955

Page 43

No more tears
from
"SOAP IN THE EYES"



NEW!

**Johnson's
BABY SHAMPOO**

No tears and tantrums now, since Mother discovered Johnson's new Baby Shampoo... because, unlike ordinary shampoos, it just can't burn or irritate the eyes.

Pure, gentle, Johnson's Baby Shampoo is safe for tiniest tots. It lathers, rinses quickly, leaves hair sparkling-clean and easy to comb.

Another exclusive, dependable, Johnson's Baby Product.



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successfully treated**

Thousands of sufferers from Hæmorrhoids (Piles) have found wonderful relief from pain and discomfort with ManZan. Locally distended veins, which cause pain and irritation, quickly respond to this highly effective formula. Get ManZan today.

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With special nozzle applicator 4/- a tube at Chemists everywhere.

**SKIN ITCH
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Don't let ugly, disfiguring Pimples, Eczema, Acne, Ringworm, Psoriasis, Blackheads or Itching, Cracking, Peeling, Burning Skin Troubles make life miserable and spoil your fun. Don't be embarrassed and feel inferior because of bad skin. Now every chemist has a new American Hospital Discovery called Nixaderm that stops the itch in 7 minutes. Kills germs and fungus, and in 24 hours begins to heal the skin, clear, soft, and smooth. No matter how long you have suffered, get Nixaderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee to heal your skin or money back.

Quads' birth

Continued from page 21

Matron, by some miracle of thoughtfulness, caused tea to appear for everyone. It helped to pass the time until Dr. Schmidt, as calm and cheerful as before, came out.

Over a quiet cigarette he told Arthur that all was going well and he must not worry.

When he went away the clock seemed louder than ever and the minutes crawled by. Then suddenly there was another little flurry and up the corridor came the same small convoy pushing another humidicrib, with Sister Howard following.

"This one's your cane-cutter," she said to Arthur. "Another boy. Born 11.15. Weight 5lb 5½ ounces. Well. Mrs. Lucke well."

Then, like a flash, the convoy, with another pink bundle in cotton-wool, was gone.

This time the hand-shakings and back-poundings were even more enthusiastic. But over everything was the ticking clock.

"I wish it were all over," said Arthur.

At 11.30 Dr. Schmidt, smiling and cheerful as ever, came down the corridor to tell Arthur Mrs. Lucke was well and resting for a while.

She'd like to see her husband, the doctor said. Like a man in a trance Arthur went down the corridor. A few minutes later he was back, his face transformed.

"I saw her," he said. "I saw Aggie. She's wonderful. She looks wonderful. She told me not to worry. Everything's going to be all right. She'd like to see you, too, Father."

Quietly the priest followed the guiding nurse. A few minutes later he was back, his face glowing.

"It's true," he said. "She's wonderful. A wonderful woman. She is sure everything will be all right, praise be to God."

BABIES' NAMES

Mrs. Lucke looks radiant. The strain and tiredness which showed in her face before the babies came has vanished.

Now her face has all the serenity and pride of any new mother repeated four times.

The babies are blooming. First-born Kevin, who spent only a short time in a humidicrib, has been a regular visitor to his mother since he was one day old.

Every three hours Kevin is carried from the nursery to his mother for meals, which he takes with great enthusiasm.

Eric, Veronica, and Jennifer are still being fed artificially in the nursery.

All the babies are adorable. Though small, they are not red and wrinkled. Instead, they are pink and white, with blue eyes, rose-petal ears, and tiny heads covered with light brown fluff.

To the great pride of both parents, the doctor and the hospital, each quad is as perfect as it is possible for any baby to be.

The naming of the babies was a great problem.

"The boys were easy," Mrs.

The ticking of the clock didn't seem so bad after that. Even so, the minutes dragged slowly enough until, suddenly, at a quarter past twelve, there was another of those now familiar little flurries.

Another convoy advanced. Sister Howard's eyes were positively dancing.

"A girl," she said. "Born 12.10. Weight 3lb. 6 ounces. A little one, but well. Mrs. Lucke's well too. Stand by for the next. It's coming almost immediately."

A quarter of an hour later she was back, her eyes out-doing the stars.

"Another girl," she said. "Born 12.25. 4lb. 11. She'll be along soon."

Then came the most tense time of all that tense morning.

No expected flurry came from the end of the corridor.

The ticking of the clock was the only sound.

No one spoke. No one moved. Nothing happened.

Arthur, his face rigid, took a few paces up and down.

Then, when the tension was almost unbearable, the little flurry came from the end of the corridor.

Down came the convoy—the nurses, the crib, and the pink cotton-wool-wrapped bundle.

Later we knew the baby had been pale, gasping, had collapsed at birth, and had spent ten minutes in a respirator before being fit for the humidicrib. But all we knew at that moment was a sense of enormous relief.

Sister Howard and Matron Keenan, their masks down now and the earlier lines of anxiety wiped from their glowing faces, followed the crib. Everyone shook everyone's hand.

Arthur was kissed, clapped on the back, and waltzed round the corridor.

It was over—successfully over—the most eagerly awaited birth in Australia.

Lucke said. "I always wanted to call a son after Father Treacy, so I called the eldest Kevin after him, with a second name, Philip, after St. Philip."

"Eric John was easy, too. We felt naming one of the babies they had brought into the world was the least we could do to show the two doctors, Eric Schmidt and John Trewin, how wonderful we thought they were."

"The girls were harder. Veronica and Jennifer were just two names we liked. Arthur liked Veronica best and I preferred Jennifer, so we had one each."

"May, Veronica's second name, comes from Mary, the name of one of my sisters."

"Jennifer's second name, Margaret, was Arthur's mother's name, and we wanted to name one of our babies after her."

By a happy coincidence May and Margaret are the names of two of the hospital nurses.

They are Nurses May Upton and Margaret Neale. They are both thrilled that two of the babies who have given them the greatest experience so far in their nursing careers are named after them, even if it is coincidentally.



Savoury Pancakes add variety to your menu—they make a nourishing, economical meal for the whole family.

Savoury Pancakes with delicious Bonox Sauce

INGREDIENTS:
4 oz. plain flour; 1 egg; ½ pint milk; pinch salt. **Filling:** ¼ lb. cold meat; ½ cup cooked peas; ½ cup cooked carrots, diced; 2 teaspoons Bonox; 1 dessertspoon butter. (Note: 1 cup of any cooked left-over vegetables can be substituted for the carrots and peas.) **Sauce:** 2 teaspoons Bonox; 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce; ½ cup tomato sauce.

METHOD:
Break the egg in the centre of the sifted flour and salt and stir in from the sides. Add half the milk and beat well. Add

the rest of the milk and again. Put aside for half an hour. Chop the cold meat and carrots. Melt the butter in a saucepan and add two spoons of Bonox. Stir in meat and vegetables and cook thoroughly. Now fry the cakes, and as each one is cooked, place 1 tablespoon of the savoury mixture in the centre and roll up. Secure with a cocktail stick. Combine Bonox, Worcestershire sauce and tomato sauce together, place in a saucepan and serve with the pancakes. You can make eight pancakes.

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BATH HEATER

There's no pumping or priming—just light the wick and in 60 seconds a continuous flow of steaming hot water is available—it's as easy as that with a Challenger. Features include: slim attractive appearance, corrosion-resistant copper and brass construction, and bedrock operating economy. It is easily installed and suitable for tank or high pressure. Complete with 9 feet of flue and cowl.

FROM: **CITY & COUNTRY STORES**
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from page 5

"It sounded as if you two were having an argument." "No," Connie said. "We were just discussing the status quo." Gordon frowned, and then said, "I don't get that." "So what?" Alec said. "Just this," Gordon said. "You've been away two years, and things have changed." "Everybody keeps telling me that, so it must be true," Alec said. He nodded at Connie and Gordon. "Good-night," he said.

He walked out and got into his car and left the yard. He tried to review Connie's words, and found small comfort in them. If she had been angry, if she had cried, if she had been anything but cool and impersonal, he would feel different; but there it was, and there it was going to remain. He was concentrated on his job. He was up each morning at six and at the shop at seven—probing, worrying, digging into the vitals of trucks, and reading books and pamphlets.

He stopped walking around town in the evenings and became silent and preoccupied, and whenever he thought to ask himself whether it was worth it, he forgot to answer. At the end of two weeks he walked into Gordon's office. He walked right past Connie.

Gordon looked up as Alec came in and said, "Well, how's it going?"

"That seven-mile downgrade is burning up brake lining the way it would burn paper. I'm going to put some tanks on those trucks and cool the brakes with water. Maybe I can locate some better brake lining to operate wet or dry."

Gordon nodded and made a note. "O.K., Alec."

"There are some other things."

"Yes?"

"I'd like to start some driver schools to standardise our driving practices and stress safety."

"Aren't our drivers doing all right?"

"Sure, but I think some schools wouldn't do any harm. I'd rather show the men why they should do a thing, rather than tell them."

GORDON rolled a pencil through his hands and looked thoughtfully at the ceiling. "Tell you what, Alec—write up what you want done in a report and I'll shoot it through to the head office. Anything else?"

Alec nodded. "I've got a diagram here of a rig to help the drivers determine the weight of their loads without guesswork. I used it for six months on my own truck and got ninety-two per cent. of maximum without an overload."

Gordon took the diagram. "I'll send this in with your report."

"O.K."

Gordon smiled. "Alec, I want you to understand one thing. I'm glad you're here, and I told Sam that you're a great help."

Maybe I've had this guy wrong, Alec thought. Jealousy can do funny things to a man. He chewed his lip thoughtfully and looked at Gordon. He knew that he was holding a grudge because of Connie.

He had gone away, and in the meantime Gordon had become division superintendent and was going to marry Connie. He couldn't, Alec had to admit, blame the guy for that.

"O.K., Gordon. Thanks."

He left and went into the front office. Connie's typewriter was going full speed. She didn't look up. Alec stood beside her desk until she raised her head.

He said coldly, "I've some reports to be written. Here's all the dope. I don't know much about that sort of thing,

but I've put down what I want, and thought you could probably fix the stuff up." He handed the sheaf of papers to her. "It all has to go to the head office."

"All right, Alec." She put the papers in a wire basket. "You're working very hard, doing a good job, too."

"Thanks," he said. "It's what you want, isn't it?"

"What's a good job?"

"To do a good job—to be a success—to make money. You always said so."

"To do a good job—to be a success—to make money," Alec said evenly, "so we could be married. But as you have so often pointed out—that was two years ago."

He turned away and left the office.

He spent long hours in the days that followed. He spent the hours in the shop, and out on the roads, and setting up driver schools, and having safety meetings, and chasing down better brake lining. He didn't mind, because it kept him from thinking.

It was the end of his first month that Gordon called him into his office. Gordon looked worried. He said, "Sit down, Alec."

FOR THE CHILDREN



Alec sat down.

"I got a letter from the head office. They aren't happy about maintenance costs."

Alec frowned. "I know they're going up, Gordon. That's a tough haul, and the trucks needed a lot of work to bring them up to shape. But the costs will come down. Didn't you tell them that?"

"I haven't answered the letter. I thought I'd call Sam tonight after I'd talked to you."

Alec stood up. "Seventeen, and twelve, and nine had to have new sleeves and rings and wrist pins. I gave them a complete overhaul. I got new tyres that won't clog up with mud. The driver schools cost a little money, but they'll pay dividends. Also, we're hauling bigger loads. We're getting over ninety-three per cent. of our maximum."

"I know that, Alec. I just wanted to talk to you before I call Sam."

"Well, you tell Sam," Alec roared, "that I'm going to cost him more money, too."

"Take it easy, Alec. Don't worry. Sam probably just wrote the letter for the record."

"I'm not worrying. You let me talk to the old buzzard. I'll tell him."

Gordon laughed. "I'll bet. Don't worry. I'll give him the word."

Alec left the office not feeling right about it. He knew

about the boys in the head office. They sometimes looked at figures on a sheet of paper and saw only the plus or minus signs.

Costs are going up . . . Alec Marshall? . . . Better send somebody else down there . . . All right, that's settled, let's go to lunch. Alec knew how it was.

At one o'clock the next day he found out how it was. Gordon beckoned him into the office. "Sit down, Alec."

Alec didn't sit down.

Gordon looked at his desk and then at Alec. "This is sort of hard to say."

"Then I'll say it for you," Alec said. "Sam's giving me the sack."

Gordon nodded. "I did everything I could. Sam said that San Francisco was very disturbed over maintenance costs all over Oregon and Washington—that they couldn't understand why—a few days after a new man is sent down—maintenance costs should keep going up."

"I tried to explain, but Sam wouldn't listen. Said he was leaving for San Francisco and couldn't be bothered." Gordon sighed. "Next thing they'll have me going down the road. I don't like the trend of things,

do—bust out crying?" "You ought to see Sam. Ask him what's the trouble."

"No, thanks. You're getting interested a bit late, aren't you?"

He turned away and went out the door, hoping that he had hurt her as much as she had hurt him, and feeling like a heel for trying.

He walked over to Mrs. O'Brien's and packed his bags and then he walked uptown and had dinner. After dinner he walked down to the beach and stood looking out to sea, wondering why he should have the feeling of restlessness—of something uncompleted.

He went to bed that night and tossed and turned and dreamed of Connie, and Gordon, and of trucks, and tyres, and valves, and gaskets. He awoke at six, not ready to get up, but he forced himself out of bed, dressed, shaved, and had breakfast.

THEN he remembered that he had forgotten to clean out his desk. He smiled ruefully. Every executive cleans out his desk when he gets sacked. He cleans out his desk with a smile and wisecracks at which nobody laughs, and when he's gone everyone feels a bit better.

So he drove over to the shop, principally to get some books and his notebooks, pulled his car into the yard, climbed out and walked through the shop. The mechanics looked at him curiously. He pushed open the door of the office. Connie smiled at him. "Good-morning, sir," she said.

Alec stared at her. "Hello," he said.

"Up bright and early," she said. "That's the stuff of which executives are made."

"Are you nuts?" he said. "Sort of, but people hardly ever notice."

"Well, you don't have to be so happy!" Alec yelled.

"Why not? It's a lovely day, I had ten hours' sleep, and who knows—someone might ask me to go out to dinner tonight."

"Great," he said. "I hope they serve liver and onions. Connie hated liver and onions."

At that moment Sam Jackson and Gordon Ross came out of the inner office. Gordon's face was red and his mouth was set.

He looked at Alec, stopped, seemed about to say something, then turned, went out of the office as if he were on fire, and slammed the door.

"Come inside, Alec," Sam said. "I want to see you."

Frowning, Alec followed Sam, who perched on one corner of the desk. He picked up some papers and handed them to Alec. "What's all this?"

The papers were carbon copies. The heading on the first sheet was "Report on Maintenance and Truck Operation." Neatly typed were Alec's recommendations for brake lining, drums, driver schools, safety clinics, devices for measuring weight of loads, with estimated costs. "That's a report I made when I first got here," Alec said.

"Who did you give it to?"

"Connie typed it. She gave it to Gordon to be sent on up to you."

Sam nodded. "That's what I thought. The only report that I ever saw was this one." He picked up two pages and handed them to Alec.

Alec looked at the sheets of paper. "Truck Maintenance Costs" was the title. The first page contained figures for each truck, and the second was a graph, with a sharply rising curve. "I told Gordon that costs would rise at first," Alec said. "He said he explained it to you."

Sam shook his head. "He

(Copyright)

schools, new drums and lining, new-type tyres, and all the other improvements, under one cost." Sam grinned. "It sure made you look bad. I told him that I'd send Donnelly down to take over your job."

"And then yesterday afternoon I had my ears pinned back by a young woman who called up madder than a rain-soaked tomcat. She wanted to know what I thought I was doing, firing the best man in the State of Oregon." She talked for three minutes.

Alec scratched his head and stared at Sam.

"Seems after Gordon sacked you, she dug this report of yours out of her files. She had an idea I didn't know what was going on down here and ought to find out."

"She?" Alec said. "What she?"

"Boy," Sam said, "what do I have to do with you—kick some sense into you?"

"You mean Connie?" Alec said, stunned. "Gordon said she was going to marry him."

"Gordon said," Sam mimicked. "Gordon's out on his ear, and I didn't see her go with him. I was going to give you Gordon's job, but you're so dumb I don't know. Maybe

"Excuse me," Alec said. He walked into Connie's office, picked her off her feet, and said, "You're a little squirt!"

Again she struggled, and he put her down, and she kicked him in the shins and slapped again with a right hand. Alec held his face and stared at her.

"You!" she said. "Go around with a chip on your shoulder for a month and then think you can just walk up and fix things in half a minute."

"Holy mackerel!" Alec yelled. "Then why did you telephone Sam?"

"To keep you around so I could torment you. What else?"

"Torment me!" Alec thundered. "You're driving me nuts."

"Good."

"Listen," he said. He poked a finger at her. "Are you in love with Gordon?"

"Of course not. Why?"

"Why! Listen, you dizzy girl. You told me that things had changed around here."

"They had."

"Gordon said you were going to marry him."

"I know—I eavesdropped when he told you."

"Well, are you going to marry him?"

"I just told you that I'm not in love with him. Would I marry him if I didn't love him?"

Alec ran his hands through his hair. "I don't know," he said. "I don't know anything lately. First I got a job, then I'm fired, first you're going to marry Gordon, then you aren't. I think things are O.K. and I get kicked in the shins. I—I—"

Connie giggled, and then she said, "Oh, Alec!"

He cautiously put his arms around her. She didn't kick. Cautiously he kissed her and then released her. "Look, Connie, for heaven's sake, get me off the hook. I've been going mad the last—"

"Listen," Connie said, "you couldn't walk out on me for two years and then expect me to fall into your arms the minute you come back."

"You might know something about trucks, but you don't know anything about women. Believe me, I was going to make you suffer. I hope you did."

"Oh, brother!" Alec moaned. "And I thought a truck engine was complicated."

"You'll learn," Connie said, "although it may take some time."

"All right," Alec said. He put his arms around her. "I can wait."

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NYLONS YOU CAN TRUST . . HILTON

Continuing . . . Sky High

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misunderstood. Perhaps you'll both excuse me. Goodnight."

The dapper little figure swung away down the path. Tim and Sue watched in silence until the wicket gate clicked and he was gone.

"Yellow, too, for all his high C's," said Tim.

Sue said nothing.

"Let's get going."

He saw that she was shaking. "You're cold," he said. "If we walk quickly you'll get your circulation back."

"Don't let me stop you."

"What do you mean?"

"Walking quickly. In any direction you fancy."

It was rage, not cold.

"But look here," said Tim. "What's up? I'm sorry if that little twerp upset you, but—"

"Are you going? If not, I am."

"You're not going home alone."

"It's a free country," said Sue. "You're bigger than me. I can't stop you using the public roads, if you feel like it."

She set off up the path and out into the road. Tim padded along beside her. Offended dignity kept him quiet for a hundred yards then he said again, rather feebly, "What's it all about?"

"I think," said Sue clearly, "that that was about the most oafish performance I've ever listened to in my life."

"Why?"

"Threatening a man who is half your size and twice your age, and then crowing like a silly little bully because he has enough gumption to walk out on you."

"He shouldn't have—"

"And of all excuses for forcing a quarrel on him, you had to pick on suggesting filthy things about him, because he offered to walk home with me—which he has done umpteen times before, without your permission—seeing that he lives in Melliker Lane only two houses away from us."

"I never—"

"It was so silly it ought to have made me laugh—if it hadn't made me sick. And now"—she swung round at the top of a dark lane leading off the main road, among the pine trees—"will you go home. I can actually see my front gate. Are you satisfied?"

"It's a bit dark," said Tim obstinately. "I'd better come down with you. Or are you afraid to trust me?"

"Afraid of you?" said Sue. She looked at him speculatively.

"You great big war hero. I shouldn't think that little girls are your strong point, are they? At least, I've never heard about it, and we hear so much about you, I feel sure anything like that would have cropped up by now. Prancing round with soot on your face—yes. Sticking knives into people, small people, I should imagine, on tonight's form."

"Now you're being silly," said Tim. "And, anyway, I never stuck a knife into anyone."

"Wouldn't they turn their backs on you," said Sue. "How tactless of them."

"You're being stupid."

"If you don't want to listen, you know what you can do with yourself."

At this point both disputants realised, with embarrassment, that they were not alone.

Standing quietly in the shadow, under one of the trees, was a tall figure in cape and helmet.

"Goodnight," said Sue with tremendous emphasis.

She stalked away up the road, and turned in at the white gate, visible at the far end. The gate swung shut with a click. The door opened, a light came on in the front room. Tim watched. The cloaked figure watched.

"Turning cold," said Tim, at last.

"Afraid it is, sir," said Constable Queen, stepping out on

to the road. He was a blond, red-faced, serious man.

Tim pulled out a cigarette, lit it, and, after a moment's thought, offered one to the stable Queen, who took it.

"Thank you, sir," in a committal way, and put away in his top pocket.

"Nice and quiet round here."

"It certainly is, sir."

"You wouldn't describe Brimberley as a hotbed of crime?"

Constable Queen laughed tolerantly. "Dogs, licences, and bicycles with lights," he said. "That's the main excitement. Still, you never know."

"I hope you're not expecting trouble."

"What I've found is trouble," said Constable Queen after a pause for thought. "That you never do expect until after it's happened, you see what I mean."

"I couldn't agree with more," said Tim.

The constable seemed in no hurry to move on, and he would smoke the cigarette as soon as he was alone.

"Well, goodnight."

"Goodnight, sir."

Tim turned on his heel, walked up to the corner, right hand turn would have taken him back along the road, towards his house.

He turned to the left and strode off into the darkness.

GENERAL

Hubert Palling, G.C.M.G., D.S.O., T.D., member of the Honorable

of Gentlemen at Arms, Commandant of the Light Infantry, and

father of Sue, was over sixty. He had kept his

and his wits, and had intention of living to ninety.

Despite the honor of his hood and the gold braid ceremonial uniform, General Palling kept no car, and full-time servant.

He drank little, and was not at all. And while weeded his own flower bed, helped with the washing—the evening, or walked in rain to the bus stop, he sometimes chuckled to himself over the comforting that he still had his wind his waistline; whilst his temporaries and his more opulent and more tary, had long since given their account.

Naturally he never gave these opinions, even to a friend like Liz Artside whose drawing-room he was the moment sitting. It was have sounded like complaint. But the thought was there.

Sad to say, as Mrs. Artside bustled in and out with coffee-making and the General sat beside the fire, they bickered about poetry.

The General could say good thing beyond Tim's Mrs. Artside had more tastes.

However, their argument over the merit of other "Maud" lapsed suddenly, the General broke off abruptly, "I say—are you worried about something?"

"No. Not really. Go on."

"Something on your mind?"

"Lots of little things," Mrs. Artside. "Tim, chief."

"Hmp," said the General.

"Yes. Kittle cattle, grown sons."

One of the pleasures of living to Liz Artside was there was no need for suspicion or reticence. He talk to her about grown-up

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without the fearful suspicion that she was being sorry for him because he had lost both of his own.

The elder had died in France in 1917, on the eve of his 21st birthday; the younger, having lost his own wife, Sue's mother, in an air-raid in 1940, had pulled sufficient strings to get himself sent to North Africa, where he had gone to his account in the messy fighting around Medjiz-el-Bab.

"What's Tim up to now?"

"That's one of the things I'd like to know," said Mrs. Artside. "He goes up to London every day, but I've no more idea than the man in the moon what he does when he gets there."

"What's his job?"

"That's just it—I don't know."

The General looked surprised.

"With a war record like his,"

he said at last, "I should have thought he ought to be able to step into almost any job."

"Do you really think that?"

"Of course he ought."

"I mean, Hubert," said Mrs. Artside gently, "do you really mean that you think he had a war record?"

"Got two M.C.s. What more do you want?"

"You're evading the question."

"What an infernally sharp woman you are. Did I sound sarcastic?"

"A little."

"I must watch out for it. One of my prejudices. As you get older you collect prejudices. Like barnacles. Yes. All right. I have always been opposed to the idea of a corps d'elite. Special terms of service and special pay. That sort of thing. Of course, you can't prevent some men being braver than others. Like dogs. It's biological. But you don't want to segregate the brave men and dress them up. Bad for them, and bad for the rest of the army

as well. You want to keep them in the regiment."

"In the Peninsula" (the General spoke exactly as if it was one of his earlier campaigns) "we had picked men in every regiment. Light Companies, we called them—men who could be trusted out on their own to hold a strong-point or make up a forlorn hope. You'd band them together, you see, for a job like that. But after it was over they went back to their regiments."

"In short," said Liz, "you don't approve of special service units."

"Nothing against them personally. Very good chaps. It's the idea I don't like. The hardest job in war is done by the infantry holding the line. No way out of it. Mud and frost and trench mortars and trench feet."

"I don't think this last war was quite like that."

"Bound to have been. All wars are like that if you're in the infantry. That's why I don't think it's right to take men out of it and give 'em a lot of publicity and train 'em up for—bag-snatching expeditions behind the lines. Just a point of view."

"Do you mean," said Mrs. Artside, "that you object to the idea of special service because it cheapens the rest of the infantry, or because it doesn't achieve its object or because it's bad for the men in it?"

"That's what I like about you, Liz," said the General. "You're the only woman I know who thinks like a man. First and second reasons—not the third. I don't think it turns 'em into crooks."

"Well, thank goodness for that. Have another cup of coffee. I'll have to make some more for Bob, anyway."

"You didn't tell me Cleeve was coming."

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"I wasn't sure myself. You know what Bob's like. He usually comes to collect Rupert on choir nights, if he isn't too busy."

"He's a worker," said the General. "Always had the reputation for it. Even in his army days. I'm only sorry he won't be performing for us much longer."

"What's up?"

"Nothing's up. But he's sixty-four. As soon as anyone tumbles to it—always supposing they've got someone capable of counting up to sixty—



"Listen, kid, get down off this wire and ask an usher to find you a seat."

four—they'll be looking round for a bright young nincompoop to take his place."

The General paused to consider the peculiar ways of county councils, and then added: "Extraordinary how he's grown on everybody. You'll hear 'em all saying, now that he's the best bet the County's ever had—and so he might be. But that wasn't the tune when he was elected seven—eight—years ago."

"He's been chairman for nine years."

"Nine, is it? How time goes past!"

"It wasn't exactly a popular appointment, was it?"

"It certainly wasn't," said the General. "No experience. 'Brainless army has-been'. 'Jobs for the boys'. So much balderdash. If anyone had taken the trouble to look up his record they might have saved themselves blowing off a lot of hot air they had to swallow back afterwards."

"I don't see that anyone could call Bob exactly inexperienced," agreed Mrs. Artside. "After all, he was A.Q.M.G. Rhine Army at Cologne when he was only—let me see—he can't have been more than twenty-nine. He was sharing a house with Tom and me when—"

"Yes, I remember."

Again something was left unsaid.

After a pause the General added: "I'd like to see some of his critics trying to do Q to an Army group."

"Then when he retired from the War Office—he was Deputy Chief Constable in Liverpool—and he did that Security job for the Home Office in this last war."

"I know," said the General. "I know. But the fact is, poor old Bob looks almost too like a soldier, and that prejudices people."

"No doubt about it," said Liz, "his face is his misfortune. If he was brown, with a hatchet jaw—or white faced, with keen grey eyes—everyone would realise what a tremendous person he was. As it is, he blows out that silly moustache at you, gives you a popping look from his great button eyes, and says

"Hrrrmph"—and how can you help thinking, Blimp in person! Wasn't that the bell? I have to answer my own door tonight. Anna's at the cinema."

The General sat and listened. He heard the front door open and Mrs. Artside's voice, and a man's voice in reply; and something about Rupert, and "Sam can look after him," and then the drawing-room door opened and Liz came back, followed by the chairman of the County Council.

"Evening, General. It's turned cold, hasn't it?" Then, to Liz: "If the car takes Rupert home and comes back, you'll have to put up with me for an hour. Do you think you can stand it? I'm in need of decent company. I've been spending the past two hours with a lot of old women who call themselves a committee. Is that for me? Thank you very much."

Bob Cleeve accepted the armchair and the coffee cup, lowered himself into the former and lifted the latter to his lips; drank and put it down.

"Hrrrmph," he said genially

"In theory," Cleeve was saying a little while later, "only policemen should be made chief constables. After all, they know how the British police system works. They've been in it since boyhood. It no longer has power to annoy them. So they're the obvious choice."

"Then why not choose them?" said Liz.

"It's a sore point. Shortage of suitable candidates."

"No officer class," said the General.

"It would depend on what you meant by officers. In one sense all policemen are officers."

"I always call a policeman 'officer' when I don't know what else to call him," agreed Liz. "If I see he's got three stripes, then I promote him to sergeant."

"You know perfectly well what I mean by an officer," said the General crossly.

"In our case," said Cleeve, "no question arises. We've got a good one, who happens to be a policeman. I had dinner with him this evening."

"Tom Pearce is all right," agreed the General. "Does he run you, or do you run him?"

"It's a moot point," said Cleeve. "As chairman of the County Council I'm automatically head of the Standing Joint Committee, and in theory the Standing Joint Committee superintends the County Police. Actually, all we do is appoint a good chief constable and let him rip."

"And Tom is a good one?"

asked Liz.

"Yes," said Cleeve simply. "I think so. He's unusually co-operative, I should say. And he's not above asking for advice. When he's got anything really in his hair he comes round to a meal and talks about it."

"And what is it in his hair just now?"

Cleeve looked startled. Liz said, "Deduction. You told us he came to dinner with you tonight."

"Our chief headache at the moment," said Cleeve solemnly, "is grocers."

"Grocers generally?"

"Well, grocers who happen to be County Councillors. He's got a big shop in Bramshott. Mind you, I've nothing against grocers. I know some very nice ones. But this one's moving heaven and earth to get the police to divert the traffic out of the Market Square, down a side street, and back along South Street. A sort of one-way traffic system. Every time we meet he's got a fresh reason for it."

"He sounds a persistent

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"Hands still baby-smooth though she washes every day"

says Aunt Jenny.

"She has lovely hands," Aunt Jenny said of young Mrs. B. Hughes, after visiting her home at Therry Street, Avalon, N.S.W. "When I told her so, Mrs. Hughes smiled and replied: 'That says a lot for Velvet, Aunt Jenny, because I've been married for over three years and, during the last nine months, I've done baby's washing every day—on top of the weekly wash and the usual daily round of washing-up.'"

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type, said Liz. "I suppose he's got some reason for it."

"Of course he's got a reason. His shop's in South Street. His chief rival's in the Market Square."

"Why don't you make it plain that you've spotted what he's up to and tell him to go to the devil?"

"My dear Liz! That comes of living all your life in nice clean Army circles. I've no doubt that Bill, rest his soul, would have upped and kicked him out. But this is the age of democracy. You can't kick grocers around any more."

"Bill was the most reasonable person who ever lived," said Liz.

"Of course he was. That was what made him an autocrat. Real autocrats are always reasonable."

"What nonsense you do talk," said Liz dreamily.

(It was the real test, she thought. If people who had known and liked Bill talked about him she felt warm and happy. There was no twinge of the old pain. If any other sort of people discussed him, she felt edgy straight away.)

"—war's to blame for most things," she heard the General saying.

"Such as which things?" "Crime. Violence. Read in the papers the other day, two youths, armed with knuckledusters, attacked an old lady of seventy. Robbed her of her life's savings. Over two hundred pounds in notes. Kept them under her mattress."

"I hold no brief for youths with knuckledusters," said Liz. "but I can't help feeling that some of the trouble is caused by the old ladies themselves. Why must they keep their life's savings under their mattresses? I keep mine in the bank."

"I don't agree that there's been such an increase in crime since the war," said Cleeve. "Immediately after, perhaps. Bit of disorganisation then. But we've got over that. It isn't a case of more crime. It's different crime."

"Advance of science."

"No. I didn't quite mean that. Crooks get more scientific. So do the police. That cancels itself out. I meant fashions in crime. Before the war it was all gangs. Robbery and violence and intimidation. A sort of backwash from across the Atlantic."

"I'm glad gangs have gone out," said Liz. "I never really cared for gangs. What is it now?"

Cleeve paused for a moment before answering, and looked unusually serious.

"I should say," he said, "that it's the age of the solitary criminal. The one-man army. I'm not talking about murder. Murder's always a solitary job. I mean, real criminals. Black-mailers, burglars, forgers, receivers and larcenists of all sorts from men who blow safes to men who live on handbills of coppers extracted from telephone boxes."

"And you mean," said Liz, "that all these people work on their own?"

"Not all. But increasingly more."

"I shouldn't have thought that it was easy to break open a safe single handed," said Liz. "That's because you're not an expert." said Cleeve with a grin. "Well, no. Perhaps safe-breaking isn't a good example. Safe-breakers usually work in threes. But take your country-house burglar. There's your Crown Prince of Criminals."

"The trouble with you, Bob," said the General, "is that you're really half in sympathy with all these blackguards."

"Not really," said Cleeve seriously. "Most of them are sad nuisances. But just an occasional genius. Do you remember Feder? Or Barry, as he called himself. Outwardly a respectable average adjuster in the city. And no nonsense."

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It was a real business. If you had an average to adjust, he'd adjust it for you. Only it didn't quite support his flat in Albany and his house near Leatherhead and his three cars and his strings of racehorses and girl friends. Those had to be paid for out of his homework."

"Homework?"

"Not very often—so far as one can judge, not more than two or three times in a year—at about eleven o'clock at night he'd leave his country house. No guests that weekend. A conveniently deaf butler and a cook who slept in the far wing. He'd roll his car quietly out of the garage and drive off fast into the night. He'd be back before morning. Old man Reynard, lolloping home to his earth, with a big grin on his face and a tuft of feathers in the corner of his mouth. And sure enough, you'd read in your paper that the country house gang—when in doubt the papers always call it a gang—had broken into the Earl of Mudshire's residence near Sunningdale and had removed the gold plate from the dining-room, the intaglios from the Long Gallery, and the Countess' own hundred diamond matching necklace (which was of the highest sentimental value to her Ladyship) and the insurers had been informed."

He smiled grimly. "Only it wasn't a gang. It was clever Mr. Feder, who was known to the county as Barry. Who had taken the trouble to teach himself—at an age when most young men are training to cut out an appendix or draw up a

Modesty cannot properly be described as a virtue, for it is a feeling rather than a disposition—a kind of fear of disrepute.

—Aristotle.

will—to pick a lock, dislocate a burglar alarm, silence a dog, and cut a precious stone or a throat in a neat, quite, gentlemanly way. All his jobs were surgical operations. Long, slow, careful planning, followed by quick, ruthless execution."

"I should have thought," said Liz, "that when he got back to his roost with the loot his troubles were only just starting. How on earth did he turn it into cash?"

"Well, that's always a snag. He overcame it by patience. He concentrated on jewellery and precious metals. As I said, he could cut a diamond as well as most experts. And he made his own settings. Lovely work, some of them. But the real thing was that he was able to wait. Years, if necessary. And, of course, when he did come to dispose of anything, his position in life was a help. He wasn't a hole-and-corner sort of person. He lived a straightforward ordinary life and had lots of rich friends."

"If he offered a well-known jeweller a pair of pendeloque-cut diamond earrings set in platinum filigree the jeweller was hardly likely to approach the transaction in a suspicious frame of mind. But suppose, as a matter of precaution, he checked through his latest numbers of 'Hue and Cry' and the 'Pawnbrokers List.' He wasn't going to find anything. The diamonds were probably a pair of reshaped marquise-cut stones which had been stolen three years before. And anyway, why should he be suspicious? He knew Mr. Barry well. A very nice gentleman indeed, who had bought a gold cigarette case from him only a month before."

"Clever that," said the General. "I suppose you'd say that his greatest risk was being seen actually on the job."

"A risk for him," said Cleeve soberly. "But, by the Lord, a very much greater risk for the person who happened to see him."

"A killer?" A look of interest flickered into the General's frosty eye. Killers, he understood. He had encountered a lot of them in his time, two-legged and four-legged.

"Not by nature, perhaps," said Cleeve. "But a man like that would kill to preserve his identity. There aren't many of them about at one time, and the police have got a short list of suspects. I don't know just how the list is compiled, but you can take it it's there."

"And you mean," said Liz, "that if some absolutely independent witness—a servant or a guest or the householder himself—happened to meet your man actually on the job, then he'd have to be killed?"

"That's right," said Cleeve. "Otherwise the police would be round next day to show him a bunch of photographs and—respectable Mr. Barry, stockbroker and churchwarden, would be marched off to the clink, and no one more surprised than the Vicar." He paused.

"I didn't tell you how Feder was caught," he added. "It was just before the war. He had broken into a house at Great Missenden—after diamonds, as usual. Only this time, for various reasons, he went in while the family was at dinner. What he didn't know was that the son and heir, a bright young chap aged eleven, was hiding in a cupboard in his mother's bedroom. Why he should have been doing that, I don't know. There's no accounting for children. He watched Feder walk in, break open the dressing table, force the wall safe, remove the jewel cases, and so on. Took him about twenty minutes."

"Was he wearing a mask?"

"Not on your life. He wore gloves, but never any form of disguise. Reckoned it was safer that way. If he was seen at a distance he calculated on being mistaken for a guest or servant. It would have spoiled the effect if he'd been wearing a hood or a false beard. When Feder had finished, the boy thought he would jump out and say boo!—just to see what happened."

"But he didn't," said Liz, whose throat was unaccountably dry.

"By the grace of God, no. At the last moment discretion got the better of valor. Of course, that's why the boy's alive today."

"And he identified Feder—Barry."

"Without hesitation. Made a splendid witness, too, I believe. Completely unshakable."

"Bob, you're making my flesh creep," said Liz.

"Sorry. Unforgivable. And I'm doing more than that; I'm keeping you out of bed."

"I must be getting along, too," said the General, regretfully.

"Give you a lift?"

"That's very good of you. Don't know why Liz puts up with us. Come along here, drink her coffee, talk our heads off. Bore her stiff."

"It's her own fault," said Cleeve. "She listens too well."

"I can assure you, poppets," said Liz, "that whatever else you do, you don't bore me."

She was getting past the age when she cared for a lot of sleep. When her guests had gone she took out the coffee cups and washed and dried and

marked them. Then she took a handful of fir cones on to the economical early-autumn fire and settled down to read.

Eleven o'clock had struck faintly from the church tower up the road when she heard the sound that half her time had been waiting for: the click of a key in the lock.

Footsteps, which paused in the hall. Sometimes Tim would straight up to bed. Sometimes he didn't. Tonight, after a moment of hesitation, the foot steps came on.

"There you are," said Liz. "I'd been wondering what had become of you."

"There I am," agreed Tim. "You've missed Bob and the General."

"Had they got anything interesting to say?"

"I always think Bob's interesting. He was talking about how chief constables get appointed—and about country house burglars."

"Sounds fascinating," said Tim.

He threw himself back into an armchair, which protested softly.

"You look as if you'd got the grumps," said Liz.

"That's right," said Tim.

"I've got the grumps." Mrs. Artside was not sure if her son wanted to talk or not. If he did, she was very willing to listen. If he said the wrong word he would dry up and go to bed.

"Who have you been terrorising this evening?" she asked.

"First, it was the Vicar."

"Not worth powder and shot."

"He's a silly little man," agreed Tim. "Really, a silly little man. I happened to meet him on my way down to church practice. We started talking about politics."

"Oh, dear! And him a timid, pale-pink radical."

"Not about his politics. About politics in general. He said what a pity it was we hadn't got a system of free election in the church. Then parishioners would have a say in electing their own vicar. He said, terribly solemnly, 'Ignore the spiritual values, Artside. I'm sorry to say I laughed.'"

"That wasn't terribly tactful."

"Spiritual values, my foot! four-figure living and only two hundred parishioners to look after. He's on a soft job here and he knows it."

"It's certainly well paid, livings go," said Mrs. Artside. "There isn't much connecting between work and stipend in the church nowadays. Probably never has been. Still, we mustn't go around quarrelling with the Vicar."

She did not say this with any conviction. She was not greatly attached to the Reverend Bibbione. "Who did you fight with next?"

"After choir practice," said Tim solemnly. "I had words with our phony major."

"Oh, dear!"

"He's such a little snurge."

"Even if he is a snurge," said Liz, "and it's not a term I'm familiar with, that's surely a reason for quarrelling with him."

"But he's so bogus."

"He's the best tenor in Brimberley, Bramshott, or Alderham."

"You and your choir. Do you know, I don't believe I've ever been in the Army at all."

"He must have been, or he couldn't be called major. Unless he was in the Salvation Army."

"If you ask me, he's made the whole thing up. Do you know, I saw him once, at a tennis party, saluting one of the women—wearing flannel trousers and a blazer, and gave a natty little salute, and I thought, I bet he's seen some chap do that on the stage and

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"I don't believe that anyone who had ever been in the Army would salute anyone else whilst he was wearing white flannel trousers and a blazer. Besides, he talks about the K.R.R.C. when he means the 60th—and the Provost Corps—and the Royal Field Artillery."

"Perhaps he was in the last war."

"Not old enough," said Liz, "suppose you're right. Lots of people call themselves things. I knew a man who called himself commander and wore a yachting cap, and he'd never been farther from the coast than the end of Blackpool Pier."

"I wouldn't mind him calling himself a Field-Marshal if he'd kept his hands off Sue."

"If he'd do what?"

Tim realised that he had told his mother a good deal more than he meant to.

"He offered to walk home with her."

"He lives in the same road."

"He's a nasty little man," said Tim. "I can tell by the way he looks at her."

"Is that all you've got to go by?"

"It's enough, isn't it?"

"Certainly not," said Liz. She spoke with surprising firmness. "You can't go round accusing people of that sort of thing without evidence. It's just not done."

"All right," said Tim, "that makes two of you."

"Two?"

"Sue said much the same sort of thing, only more pointedly. I had a stand-up fight with her, too."

"Lord love us!" said his mother mildly. "Is there anyone you haven't been scrapping with tonight?"

Tim ignored this. His heavy body was relaxed in the chair, but his eyes were wide open, staring up at the ceiling.

"I don't know what's come over Sue," he said at last. "I used to think she was rather keen on me. I don't mean anything serious. After all, she's very young. Do you remember the first time she came round to tea here, when I'd just got back from Palestine. She must have been twelve or thirteen—all legs and tennis racquets. And that's the way she stayed in my mind ever since—until last month—at the Staff College dance. I saw her dancing with some old buffer and thought—she looks rather good."

Mrs. Artside, who was suffering from a series of complicated emotions, decided that it was safer to say nothing at all. Chiefly, she was filled with amazement that any man of Tim's age could know so little about women. Good heaven, the thought, he's talking about this thing as though it had never happened before in the history of the world; as though, every day, some gangling schoolgirl with all her defences down didn't turn into a stickily prickly bundle of complicated young womanhood.

"Then this evening"—Tim spoke in such a tone of pained forgiveness that his mother was hard to put to it not to laugh—"just because I put that snurge in his place, what must she do but fly off the handle, although I don't believe," he added magnanimously, "that she can have meant half the things she said."

"Don't you?"

"—and she'll probably be sorry about them later, but the fact that she could say them at all was a shock. She actually implied that I went round stabbing people in the back—"

"Lots of people I should like to do that to," said Liz. "Look here, I'm not worried about you and Sue—I mean," she added hastily, "it's very upsetting, but, as you say, it'll probably be all

right in the morning—but I don't like the idea of your being rude to MacMorris."

"Oh!" With an obvious effort Tim removed his mind from the puzzling problem of sex.

"I don't expect anyone overheard you, and MacMorris is sensible enough to keep quiet about it, but we're living in a village, and I've lived in villages long enough to know that everything you do leads to something else—usually something you didn't expect—and ends in feuds, and people who live next to each other not talking to each other, and that sort of silliness."

"What do you want me to do?"

"That's up to you."

"You think I ought to apologise to him?"

"I wouldn't do any harm."

"But he's such a—oh, all right! If you think so. I shan't have time until tomorrow evening. Busy day tomorrow."

"I should think that would do very nicely. You'll both have cooled off by then. And as for Sue—you say she was really annoyed?"

"She didn't pull her punches."

"You can take that as a good

I'll ring you again in the morning. No, no. Of course not. Quite right to telephone me at once—"

She rang off, and said to Tim, "Have you still got the church key?"

"Oh, yes! I believe I have. I dropped it into my mackintosh pocket. I meant to give it back, but that business with Sue—"

"Are you sure you shut the church door?"

"Yes, certain."

"And locked it?"

"Yes, I'm pretty sure I locked it. What's it all about?"

"The offertory box has been broken open. Hallibone found out when he went up to the church about an hour ago. He's got his own key, of course. The one you've got's the only other one."

"I see," said Tim rather blankly. "How much does he reckon he's lost?"

"The box hadn't been cleared for a week. It might have been as much as two pounds."

"Crime," said Tim, "comes to Brimberley."

Liz always knew, at the mo-



sign. When a girl's really finished with a man she laughs at him."

"She certainly didn't laugh."

"I'm going to bed. You won't forget to—"

"Stoke the boiler, put the dogs out, bolt the front door, and turn out all the lights."

"So long as you do it," said Liz.

When she had gone, Tim lay for a long time, quite relaxed now. He had a gift for keeping still which a professional burglar might have envied. Only his eyes moved with his thoughts.

The telephone bell brought him to his feet.

"Hullo—yes? Oh! Well, I think she's in her bath. Can I take a message?"

The telephone said something querulous.

"I didn't quite get that."

"Who is it?" said Liz from the top of the stairs.

"Oh, here is Mother. Hold on a second." He put his hand over the mouthpiece.

"It's the Vicar. He's upset about something and it's making him squeak. I can't understand it all. Something about a key."

"I'll deal with him."

Liz sailed down the stairs, majestic in a flame-colored dressing-gown.

Her arrival seemed to have a soothing effect on the Vicar, whose voice came down two semitones at once. Liz listened carefully and without interruption.

"I'll find out what Tim did with the key," she said at last. "We can't do much tonight.

ment she woke in the morning, whether anything unpleasant stood unresolved from the night before. She had no need to think about it consciously. The sense of unease was there.

This faculty dated from the bad time, now more than twenty years past, when Bill had gone, and the world had been shaken and her life turned upside down.

Apart from it she was not, at this stage in her life, a particularly sensitive or apprehensive person. By the time she had got up and got dressed and started helping Anna with the breakfast her intellect would be back in command. Nevertheless, although it could be banished, the weakness was there; something in her make-up, which she would take along with her until she lost all sense and feeling; like a patch left by a clumsy surgical operation.

That morning her subconscious had no lack of material. One voice said menacingly, "the Vicar, another irritatingly cried 'Tim, Tim, Tim, Tim.'"

Liz dismissed both voices by heaving herself out of bed.

On the way downstairs she knocked at her son's bedroom door. There was no answer. She knocked again, then opened the door and poked her head round. There was no one in the room. The bed looked as if it had been slept in with some violence.

She went on downstairs, had a word with Anna, the Austrian girl, who had come as a temporary measure in 1939 and had been there ever since; and then

went into the dining-room, where she got a second surprise.

A plate and cup had already been used. She went back to the kitchen.

"That's right," said Anna. "He come down early and gets his own. I'm just up when he finishes."

"Did he say why?"

"He said he catches an early train. Lots of work to do to-day. I make some more coffee for you now?"

"Thank you," said Liz. It did not sound like Tim at all. He usually caught the nine o'clock train, and when he missed that he had been known to fall back, quite complacently, upon the nine-forty-five.

Perhaps he really was working harder. Liz might have been able to make a more intelligent guess about that if she had had the least idea of what it was he did when he got up to London. He had never told her, and, after one rebuff, she had ceased to ask about it.

At ten o'clock came the Vicar.

"What an unpleasant business!"

"It's not nice," said Liz. "Tell me what happened."

"It started," said the Vicar solemnly, "because I happened to be polishing my spectacles last night, in my study, and I polished rather—er—vigorously and broke the bridge. Most provoking. Then I remembered that I had left my only other pair of reading glasses on the ledge inside the pulpit."

"What time was that?"

"Let me see. It must have been about half-past nine. Yes. I walked up to the church and let myself in by the wicket door—"

"Was it locked?"

"Yes. Luckily I had brought my own key with me—there only are the two—mine and the one I lend you for choir practices. Then, as I went past the offertory box I noticed"—having reached his climax the Vicar paused for a moment (it was one of the oratorical tricks with which, Liz reflected, he often embellished a poorly thought-out sermon)—"that the lid was very slightly raised. Someone had been tampering with it."

"And it was empty?"

"Quite empty."

"What did you do about it?"

"I was so upset, I forgot even to collect my glasses. I walked straight round to Constable Queen's cottage."

"I don't suppose he was very helpful."

"He was out—on a patrol, I understand. His wife was there and she let me use her telephone. I spoke to Sergeant Gattie at Bramshott."

"Yes. I should think you might get some service there. What did you do then?"

"Then I telephoned you."

"It was half-past nine when you went to the church, and it was quite half-past eleven when you telephoned me. You must have lost some time somewhere."

The Vicar looked somewhat taken aback at this ruthless analysis. Then he said, "I was very upset. I spent some time in reflection before I telephoned you."

"Just general reflection, on the dishonesty of human beings, or something more in particular?"

The Vicar compressed his already thin lips.

"I was troubled as to what to do for the best. I was up at the church myself at six o'clock yesterday evening and the offertory box was undisturbed then."

"I see," said Mrs. Artside slowly, as some of the implications of this sank in. "You're quite sure about that?"

"Quite certain. The reason I went up to the church at that time—one of the reasons—was to put an offering into the box from an American lady who

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CHASE COLDS WHEREVER THEY GO!



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had been staying with us. I could not have failed to notice if there had been anything amiss."

"Yes, I suppose that's right. The church was open to the public at that time."

"The west wicket door was open. I closed it and locked it when I left."

"And we start our choir practice about half-past seven."

"That is so."

"It doesn't leave a lot of time, does it?"

"It doesn't really," agreed the Vicar politely.

Liz felt there was more to it than that. She was right. The Vicar compressed his lips once more and said, "Did your son give you the keys after he had locked up?"

"Yes. I'm sorry about that. I told him to drop them in at the Vicarage, but he forgot. He gave them to me last night when he got in. I rather fancy—why, yes. There they are on the mantelshelf."

The Vicar got up, retrieved the keys, and said, "Thank you." There were three of them, two large and one small. He stood for a moment swinging them by the ring which joined them.

"It passes my comprehension," he said at last, "how anyone could get into the church when it is locked."

Liz thought of Brimberley Church, with its narrow windows, further darkened by wire netting on the outer side, its thick walls and its massive doors.

"I don't believe they could," she agreed.

"Then how—"

"Since you ask me," said Liz slowly, "I can only think that the thief must have slipped in when we were busy singing in the vestry—the wicket door would be standing open at that time, of course—and rifled the box. We were making enough noise with our singing not to have heard anything."

"Yes, I suppose it might have been that." The way he said it made it plain that it didn't fit in with his preconceived ideas on the subject.

"Well, when else could it have been?" asked Liz, the beginnings of a note of belligerence in her voice. "I opened the church myself. Most of the choir were waiting in the porch when I got there and we all went straight in together. Anyway, I don't suppose you suspect them."

"No, no. Of course not."

"Then after the service, as you know, Tim locked up."

"Yes."

For the first time in the interview she realised what the Vicar was driving at. Being a woman of exceptional balance she did not fly off the handle. She simply left the next move to him. It was an effort, all the same.

"Do you suppose," said the Vicar at last, "that your son may have let the keys out of his possession at any time yesterday evening and some—er, dishonest person got hold of them?"

"I don't see how they could. The keys were in his raincoat pocket when he got back here just after eleven."

"Did he tell you where he had been in the interim?"

"The interim is, I fear, for the moment a closed book."

"Oh."

"However, I can easily ask about it when Tim gets home this evening. If it should turn out that he entrusted the keys for a couple of hours to a well-known church robber I'll let you know."

"That's very good of you."

"Not at all."

"Little rat," she added furiously to herself, as she wheeled out her motor bicycle for the run to Bramshott and the day's shopping.

At half-past eleven she was

seated in one of the ingles of the Inglenook Cafe.

She was sharing her table with a pleasant, pig-faced woman. She had been introduced to her at several fetes and socials, and never having grasped her name was now reduced to referring to her as Mrs. Um.

"And how is the Harvest Festival Anthem coming along?" asked Mrs. Um.

"Not so badly," said Liz. "I wish they'd put a little more coffee in the coffee here. What we need is one really reliable alto."

"We are doing the Kyrie from Bach's Mass in B Minor," said Mrs. Um. It was now clear just why she had introduced the topic.

"Rather gloomy for a harvest festival."

"Surely, Mrs. Artside, great music can never be gloomy."

"It depends how you sing it. Talk of the Devil. There are both my much maligned altos. Hallo, Sue. Lucy!"

There was only one empty chair at the table. Liz dexterously hooked a fourth from under a small man who was hesitating about sitting down.

"What a morning," said Lucy. She deposited a bursting

BLACK AMAZONS

THE Government of Kenya has now organised units of girls of the Kikuyu tribe to help in the battle against the dreaded Mau Mau terrorists.

Armed with double-edged slashing-knives, the Women's Home Guard have proved themselves formidable soldiers.

The Government claims that most of the Kikuyu are loyal, but that fear compels many of them, especially the women, to help tribesmen in the terrorist gangs.

In this week's A.M., now on sale, there is a full two-page picture-story on this unique army of black amazons.

shopping bag in the gangway, where it would be certain to trip up the next passer-by. "The shops are getting more and more crowded."

"Oh, for the old days," said Liz, "when you rang up the butcher."

"You never."

"Certainly you did. And bullied him about last week's joint. Butchers expected it in those days."

"Well," said Sue. "You were spoilt. I can't remember any time when shopping was any different, and it seems quite natural this way to me."

"I don't remember a great deal about before the war," said Lucy defiantly. "I was quite young."

"Well, I was practically non-existent," said Sue. "Who's meant to be serving today?"

"It's the Second and Third Witch," said Liz. "You must have seen Lady Macbeth as you came in. She's doing the home-made cakes."

Seeing Mrs. Um looking puzzled Liz explained: "We've come to the conclusion that everyone who works here is a character out of Shakespeare. I think it was Ophelia who started it. That pale girl with long blond hair who used to bring your coffee with two biscuits and a far-away look."

"She went off with a soldier,"

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HEDGEROWS

● Nearly everyone likes the secure feeling that his place is his very own, and there is no better way of achieving this than with a hedgerow which, also, is more charming than a hedge.

THE difference between a hedge and a hedgerow is this—a hedge is a close, straight-line planting of the same shrub or tree; a hedgerow is a less conventional arrangement of mixed trees and shrubs.

There are a few basic principles to be followed in making a hedgerow. If it is planted along a front fence, the outer edge of the hedgerow is more or less straight, but the inner one nearest to the garden is normally wavy to emphasise the unconventional nature of the planting. This means that the width varies.

In a row 100 feet long the distance between apex and trough of the curve may be from four to six feet.

The height of the hedgerow should vary. Tall specimens should be placed at the ends and others spaced along the planting line. The number will be determined by the length of the hedgerow. If it is 100 feet long, five or six of these tall accents should be sufficient; if it is 20 feet long, three should be enough.

The space in between should be filled with a medium-growing species, which may be considered the basic planting material.

This will extend inwards towards the peaks of the curves, the planting being completed with another low-growing plant filling in the curve spaces.

It is important that the shrubs are not held to any obvious height, but it is equally important to achieve harmony of composition so that heights graduate to and from the accent points.

Flowers, though attractive, are not essential, but a variety of foliage is desirable, so long as the plantings are grouped to prevent the plants looking like specimens.

The construction work is easy. Stakes and string or garden hose to mark out the inner curved line, and digging tools are all the equipment necessary. The bed can be as wide as space permits and taste dictates. The curves must balance but do not need to be identical.

As with all permanent plantings, great attention must be given to soil preparation. It should be dug deeply, brought to a fine tilth, and, if necessary, improved with compost or old manure and complete fertiliser before planting. Beware of artificial fertiliser for azaleas and rhododendrons.

When planting do not set plants in a straight line or you will probably end up with a hedge. To be sure of finishing with a hedgerow, plant in groups and then link these together in the final planting.

Remember that if the hedgerow is planted along the front fence it will be seen from two sides — your garden and the street.

Finally there is the decision of what to plant. The following suggestions are just a few of the many combinations which any gardener can work out to suit his own particular conditions and preference.

Where privacy is not an object a very beautiful hedgerow can be made with maples.



PYRACANTHA coccinea, or scarlet fire-thorn, which grows to about six feet and produces orange berries, is a popular choice for a hardy hedgerow suitable to many different kinds of climate.

Acer glabrum, growing to 15 feet and producing vivid reddish-brown autumn leaves, or *A. trifidum*, another beauty in autumn which grows to 20 feet, will provide the tall accents.

A. polymorphum (palmatum), the feathery Japanese maple which reaches 10 to 12 feet and is beautiful all the year round, is excellent for the medium planting; one of its dwarf strains, *A. p. dissectum*, four to six feet with finely cut green foliage, or *A. p. d. atropurpureum*, with deep maroon leaves can be used for the front low planting. Such a hedgerow would need to be fairly long, because all the species are comparatively tall.

In cold districts a fine combination can be made with rhododendrons and kalmia as tall material, and azaleas for medium and low plants. Kalmia, a broad-leaved evergreen, is the American mountain laurel. The variety *K. latifolia* produces clusters of dainty rose-pink flowers.

Another beautiful deciduous hedgerow can be composed of *Liquidambar* or *Crataegus cordata*, both with fine autumn leaves and the latter with red berries as well, for the tall accents.

One of the Japanese maple family can be used for the medium planting, and *Berberis aggregata* Pratii, five feet high with coral-red berries and rich autumn colors, will look magnificent in front.

Among other useful species for hedgerow making are lillypilly (*Eugenia Smithii*), an evergreen growing to 20-40 feet, shiny green leaves, white or mauve berries; *Prumnopitys*, a hardy dense-shade tree, evergreen, reaching 20-40 feet, and excellent where a windbreak-type hedgerow is required; *Photinia glabra rubens*, evergreen, 10 feet, likes cool to cold conditions.

Others include yellow jasmine, a dense shrubby evergreen plant growing to 10 feet and bearing clear yellow flowers; *Grevillea rosmarinifolia*, evergreen reaching six feet and producing rosy red, cream-centred flowers in spring; *Abelia*, evergreen reaching six feet, light growth, pale pink flowers; *Lonicera nitida*, a shrub honeysuckle four to five feet with sweetly scented pinkish-yellow flowers produced in spring; *Plumbago*, a hardy evergreen growing to six feet, blue flowers in summer, good where space is no object; *Viburnum tinus laurustinus*, an evergreen growing to six feet and bearing white flowers.



CRATAEGUS OXYCANTHA comes in either double pink (as shown above) or red, reaching to 12 feet in height.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — July 20, 1955



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said Lucy. "We never heard whether she committed suicide."

"And Caliban. You must remember Caliban. He used to work in the back kitchen and leer at the girls."

Mrs. Um still looked puzzled. "You mean they are actors and actresses," she said.

"Just a joke," said Liz.

"Talking about jokes," said Sue hastily, "or rather, not talking about jokes at all, rather the contrary, what's all this about someone robbing the Vicar?"

"I heard about that," said Lucy. "I couldn't make out what it was all about. He seems to be making out that it was something to do with the choir."

Mrs. Um, still looking baffled, gathered up her parcels. What a curious village Brimberley was. The choir robbing the Vicar! She left her money on the table and departed.

"Poor woman," said Sue. "Fancy having a face like that and no sense of humor either. Now, Liz, what's all this about—?"

The three drew their chairs closer together whilst Liz expounded.

"—and practically accused Tim of stealing the money."

"What nonsense," said Sue. "I was in the porch with Major MacMorris and nobody could have broken open the box without us hearing. Quite impossible."

"As if he'd do such a thing, anyway," said Lucy warmly, so warmly, that Sue glanced at her reflectively.

"As a matter of fact," said Liz, "I gather that the box wasn't exactly broken open at all. The lock had been picked. Rather carefully picked. I'm not an expert on picking locks, but it sounds like a job that could have taken some time."

"The idea being, I suppose," said Sue, "that whilst we were blasting away at the Old Hundredth some joker walked in and rifled the box. A neat idea, really. How much did he get?"

"No one knows. The Vicar reckons it may have been two pounds."

"Not big league stuff."

"A hundred years ago," said Lucy, "you could be hanged for stealing forty shillings."

"Two hundred years ago you could be burned for witchcraft," said Sue. "Talking of which, here she comes at last. Two cups, please. And a plate of biscuits."

"Ah, Artside," said MacMorris cautiously.

He was standing inside his front door, blocking the entrance.

"Could I come in a moment?"

"What? Oh, yes. Come in."

He backed off and Tim walked past him into the hall.

After a moment's hesitation MacMorris closed the front door and said, in his soft, almost feminine voice: "We can't very well talk in the hall. Perhaps you'd like to come into my snugery."

"What I've got to say won't take a minute," said Tim. "Still—it's very good of you. All right."

They passed from the hall into the snugery, which turned out to be quite an ordinary sitting-room, rather dimly lit, or rather, thought Tim, not exactly dimly lit, but oddly lit.

None of the electric bulbs, of which there were quite a number, seemed designed actually to illuminate anything. Two of them, in bowls, threw their lights up on to the ceiling, and three more, from such incongruous perches as a Chelsea flower-girl, a dimpled whisky bottle and the crow's nest of a ship in full sail, cast their respective lights on limited portions of the walls and floor.

In spite of this unusual arrangement, Tim managed to pick out a number of interesting regimental groups and one undeniable photograph over the sideboard of MacMorris himself, some years younger, smiling in the uniform of a second lieutenant. Then he found himself reclining in a shabby leather armchair, the seat of which was tilted at such an angle that he could see practically nothing but the ceiling.

"As I expect you've guessed,"

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he said, "I've called to apologise. I'm afraid I made rather an ass of myself last night. The fact is, I was rather worried—things up in London—"

"My dear chap, not another word. I quite understand. Business worries. They're the very deuce. Even a poor old retired warrior like myself knows that."

He got up, and for an awful moment Tim thought he was going to come over and shake hands, but he moved instead to the sideboard.

"Well, that's really all there

is. Don't forget. The Captain."

Tim said he would bear it in mind.

"As a matter of fact," added MacMorris, "I've often wanted to have a word with you. Tell me now, you were in the Commandos during the war, weren't you?"

"Not actually the Commandos. Special Service."

"But that was the same sort of thing?"



"When do we get to the mambo?"

is to it," said Tim, hoisting himself into an upright position, like a patient coming out of the dentist's chair. "I must be getting along, I've got—"

"You'll have a drop before you go, I hope."

MacMorris had deftly deployed two glasses, a siphon, and a promising-looking bottle.

"Well—"

"That's the style, old man. Soda or water? I think you'll like it. It's pre-war stock." He stood for a moment with the bottle in his hand and said, "If ever you want some, go to Brasseys and ask for the Cap-

"The same sort of thing, but a lot easier. We used to fool round the Aegean in dhows and land at unlikely spots and—oh—blow things up, and that sort of nonsense."

"I expect they taught you all about unarmed combat, and jiu-jitsu, and so on."

"All the assassin's trade," said Tim. "Why? Do you happen to be in need of a reliable murderer. They're rather a drug on the market at the moment." There was a shade of bitterness in his voice.

"No, but I might need a reliable bodyguard."

"Come again?"

"I didn't really mean to tell anyone," said MacMorris. "It's a stupid thing, and I expect a chap like you would laugh at it—but, well, someone's been threatening my life."

"Threatening your life?" "I've been getting letters. I thought, at first, it was a joke, and, of course, it still may be. Only—I'm not a man of violence myself, and it was getting me worried."

Refraining from any inquiry as to why he should have joined the Army if he eschewed violence, Tim said, "I suppose you kept them."

"I've got the last one. It came yesterday."

He went across to the desk in the corner, which was the largest piece of furniture in the room; rolled back the top, unlocked a drawer, and brought out a sheet of white paper. There were letters pasted on in the form of words which said simply, "GET OUT AND STAY OUT THIS IS FINAL NOTICE."

"Short and to the point," said Tim.

"What would you do in my place?"

"Go to the police," said Tim promptly. "Even if they don't find out who's sending the letters, they'll trample round and make such a fuss that ten to one they'll scare this joker off."

"Do you think so?"

"I'm sure that's right. I don't know that I should bother Constable Queen about it. Chicken roosts and bicycle lamps are about his mark. But why not have a word with Gattie at Bramshott?"

"Sergeant Gattie?"

"Yes. He's a good man. As a matter of fact, I know him personally. He was a sergeant in the Gendarmerie in Palestine—that was the Special Force they raised after the war to try and cope with the Irghun boys. I was seconded to them for a brief period. A short life, on the whole, but merry."

"Then perhaps you could have a word with him?"

"Well, I could do that. If you're sure you want me to. If you'd like to lend me that letter—"

MacMorris hesitated. "I'd

better hang on to it," he said. "It'll be safe in that desk. I always keep the inner drawer locked. But if you could just explain the thing to him, since you know him. Then I expect he'll want to come over and look at the letter."

"All right. We'll do it that way," said Tim. "But it can't be till Saturday. I'm afraid—"

The word died. MacMorris was not even pretending to listen. He was staring up at the ceiling. There was silence for a count of five.

"What is it?" said Tim at last.

MacMorris tilted his head forward and Tim saw his eyes.

"What is it?" he asked again softly.

"Didn't you hear anything?" "I'm not sure," said Tim. "As a matter of fact, while I was talking, I did think, for a moment—but it might have been anything."

"It was someone moving."

"Someone or something," said Tim, as lightly as he could.

"Do you keep a cat?"

"I hate cats," whispered MacMorris.

Outside on the main road at the end of the avenue of trees, a car slowed, accelerated, and passed on. The noise died and the silence folded back again.

"Look here," said Tim at last, "if you're really—I mean, if you think there's some funny business going on, why don't we go up and have a look? Two pairs of hands are better than one."

"I'd be very grateful."

"Don't whisper. If anyone is listening, that'll give the game straight away. I'll help myself to a stick out of your hall-stand. Let's try and make it sound as if you're showing me upstairs to the lavatory or something. And there's one other precaution I'd like to take before we start. I'm sure you'll forgive me mentioning it, but I'd prefer to leave that thing behind."

"What thing?" MacMorris showed his teeth for a moment.

"The one in your jacket

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pocket. If we're going to do some brawling in the dark it would be more dangerous to our side than six burglars."

"I—"
"Go along. Put it in the desk. It'll be quite safe there." It was a little black gun. MacMorris dropped it into the desk, shut down the lid, and turned the key.

"You may be right," he said. "I think I'll take a stick myself."

"That's the boy. Now I take it this switch works the upstairs passage light. Splendid. We'll just have the hall light off and the passage light on. Up we go."

The first floor—MacMorris' own bedroom, a spare bedroom hardly furnished, a third room, not furnished at all, a bathroom and a linen cupboard—were all empty and in order.

Tim looked speculatively at the narrow stairs which ran up, almost ladderlike in their pitch, to the attic story.

"What's up them?"

"Nothing to speak of," said MacMorris. "A box-room on one side—it's got a window—I believe you can get out on to the roof from it."

"Can you though," said Tim. "Sounds promising."

He went up the stairs, which hardly creaked under his solid weight, and pushed the door of the box-room ajar with the knob of his stick.

"Is there a light?"

"The switch is just inside the door."

The box-room had nothing more sinister in it than three suitcases and a tailor's dummy.

Tim looked inquiringly at MacMorris, who blushed and said, "Not mine. It must have belonged to the lady who had the house before me. I've never had the nerve to throw it away."

"It is rather luscious," agreed Tim. "This window doesn't look as if it's been opened for a long time."

It was jammed with disuse and covered with cobwebs. Exerting all his strength Tim raised the sash an inch and a fat spider ran out and looked at him.

"All old inhabitants here," said Tim. "What about the other room?"

He opened the door. There was no light switch. Tim stood absorbing the peculiar mixtures of sound and smell. In the darkness water hissed and gurgled into a dimly seen tank. All around was the flat, choking smell of dust and rust and a sharper smell, which was something like metal polish, but was more probably the gangrene on brass joints.

"Nothing much to attract a burglar here," said Tim.

He shut the door softly and they walked downstairs to the hall.

"I guess it was a cat," said Tim. He went back into the sitting-room, picked up his drink and finished it. Holding the empty glass in his hand he wandered, as casually as he could manage, towards the sideboard and set it down on top of it. What he wanted was a quick look at the photograph that hung there.

He couldn't make much of it. The room lighting was against him. It was a younger MacMorris. The picture might have been taken ten or fifteen years ago. He was wearing the ordinary service dress of a British officer. The cypher on the buttons was indistinct and there were no identifying badges, but a single ribbon was visible and it looked suspiciously like the ribbon of the Military Cross.

The only other detail that appeared was that the photographer, was a person called Arden, who worked at 233 Charing Cross Road.

"I must be off," said Tim. "I'll try to see Gattie on Satur-

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day. I shouldn't worry too much if I were you. Most people who send letters like that are cowardly little squirts, who wither up and die of panic if they are forced out into the open."

"I hope you're right."

The last glimpse Tim had, as he stood on the step, was MacMorris' face, white but curiously composed.

Outside in the road he stood for a moment letting his eyes get used to the darkness. It was an automatic gesture.

Two houses farther down the road there was an upstairs window lit up.

Tim loafed along, under the trees, until he was nearly opposite to it. He had his hands in his raincoat pocket and was whistling soundlessly to himself.

A few minutes passed, then a shadow started moving behind the lighted window; a gentle rhythmic gesture. Someone was brushing their hair. He watched, entranced.

A minute later the shadow shifted again and the General appeared. He was in pyjamas and, staring squarely out of the window, he took the first of the dozen deep breaths which were part of his ritual before bed.

Tim turned about and walked fast for the main road; so fast that he nearly bumped into someone who was standing under the tree.

"Sorry," said Tim. And then, "Oh, it's you, is it, Queen?"

"That's right, sir."

"Lovely night, isn't it?"

"It is that, sir. Might be spring."

"Yes. I suppose it might. Well—goodnight."

"Goodnight, sir."

Curse the man. Could he have seen him? Might be spring. Could he even be laughing at him?

WHEN Tim got home his mother was reading. She put the book down and said, "How did it go?"

"Like wildfire," said Tim. "We're terrific pals now. In fact, I'm not sure I've not been elected official bodyguard."

"What does he want a body-guard for?"

Tim told her.

When he had finished, his mother did not smile. She said, unusually seriously, "What did you make of it?"

"I'm not sure," said Tim. "At the time, I was for it. He's got quite a way with him, has little Bogus. You go there intending to be all terse and stand-offish, and before you know where you are you're having a drink and listening to his life story. Come to think of it, he's a fairly accomplished actor."

"Actor?"

"I don't mean a professional. But he registers emotions so hard that you can't miss them, even if you happen to have your back turned."

"Then you think he was making it all up?"

"I didn't at the time. No. Now, I'm not sure. When he was talking about the letter he started by saying, 'I didn't really mean to tell you—or words to that effect. But as a matter of fact he led up to it quite cold-bloodedly, by asking if it was true I had been in the Commandos, and then saying he might need a bodyguard himself—and so on.'"

"And the noise in the house?"

"It was him who heard it. Not me."

"I thought you heard something, too."

"I thought I might have. But that may merely have been the way he put the act on. Or there may even have been a noise. A door banging, or the water tank gurgling, or something."

"But he had got a gun."

"Yes. That was right enough," said Tim thoughtfully. "That bit wasn't put on. And he wouldn't have produced it unless I'd insisted. I don't know."

"Can you think of any reason for him putting on an act?"

"People do things like that," said Tim. "I told you about the chap in our unit who was always sending himself the most extraordinary telegrams from girls—"

The window was wide open and from where she was sitting Mrs. Artside could look straight out of it. Tim was standing behind her, and so they both had a good view.

A truncated cone of flame, squat and orange colored; an obscene firework, throwing the treetops into silhouette.

Then the curtains puffed gently inwards and the house seemed to be rocking with the noise.

"Good grief," said Tim. "Are we at war?"

When his mother did not answer, he looked round. She was on the floor in a heap.

"Mother!"

Tim dropped down on to his knees beside her. She was breathing deeply and jerkily, and her face was a bad color.

What was the first thing? Get her off the floor. Make her comfortable.

Strong though he was he doubted whether he could lift her dead weight. He pulled a cushion off the chair and put it under her head.

The words "burnt feathers" flitted into his mind. Even at such a moment Tim almost smiled at the bare possibility of his mother having hysteria.

Perhaps it was a stroke.

Then he ought to get the doctor, and quickly.

As he started to his feet his mother opened her eyes, looked blindly out of them, and said, quite clearly, "Bill." Then her eyes cleared as her senses returned and she said, "Tim. What's happened?"

"You passed out. Do you think you could get up on to the sofa?"

"Of course I can get up on to the sofa."

"Take it easy," said Tim.

"You may not be quite as spry as you imagine. You hit your head an awful smack as you went down. That's right. I'll put my arm under your shoulders. Up we come."

"It's the first time I've ever done that in my life." Liz sounded cross.

"There's a first time for everything. How's that? I'll get you a drop of brandy."

"Tim," said Mrs. Artside. "was there an explosion?"

"There certainly was. A whopper."

"I thought that might have been in the dream, too. What was it?"

"No idea. It looked like a ten-ton bomb. Probably the gasworks blowing up. We shall know soon enough. Have a shot of this."

"Ugh," said Liz. "Urrrh. I don't know why people always rush round giving people brandy in a crisis. What a revolting taste. Take it away."

"Pity to waste it," said Tim, and tipped up the glass.

In the hall the telephone began to jangle.

Tim darted out, snatched off the receiver, and said, "Yes?"

"Palling here," said the voice at the other end. "Is Mrs. Artside—oh, it's you. Tim. Good. Now listen, I think you'd better come over here quickly. Don't alarm your mother."

The General's voice was modulated to the deliberately casual tone that he used in moments of real crisis. There

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were staff officers still living who would have recognised it easily.

"What is it, sir?"

"There's been an explosion down the road."

"MacMorris?"

"Yes."

"Are you all right?"

"We're all right. Lost a bit of glass. The house next door caught the brunt. Lucky it's empty."

"And is Sue—?"

"Yes, yes. She's all right. Now jump on to a bicycle or something and get over here as quick as you can."

"Of course," said Tim.

He went back into the drawing-room. His mother was on her feet and looked fairly steady.

"Are you all right if I—?"

"Yes. Go along," she said.

"That was Hubert, wasn't it? I thought it sounded as if it came from that direction."

"It was MacMorris."

His mother looked at him but said nothing.

Tim ran to the garage, got out his bicycle, and pedalled off down the road. A soft full moon had come up over the edge of the trees.

As he swung off the main road into Melliker Lane the sharp smell of high explosive and death hit him. It was not new to him.

MacMorris' house was the farthest down the lane. Next to it was the empty house. Then the Pallings' and then three others. All the latter were blazing with light.

There was a little knot of people in the road; the General, Sue, and Constable Queen among them.

The shell of the MacMorris house was still smoking gently. It was as if someone had torn the top half roughly away, lifted it into the air, and dropped it sideways on to the bottom half. The soft moonlight

made it look somehow even more horrible.

The General said, "Here's Artside. I asked him to come along." He sounded like a host putting a late guest at ease. "I'd like you to talk to Queen."

"Talk?"

"Tell him he mustn't go into that house yet."

Constable Queen said obstinately, "It isn't a matter of talk. It's a matter of duty. The man may still be alive."

"My duty as a magistrate," said the General, "is to save any further loss of life. Tim, will you talk sense to him?"

Tim looked at the house.

"There's no one alive in there," he said. "The blast alone would kill instantly; even if nothing else hit him."

The little crowd had fallen silent as Tim spoke. Nobody answered him directly. They were ready to help, if wanted, but were not going to put themselves forward. Tim could not help reflecting that most of them must have seen that sort of thing before in the past fifteen years.

"I've sent for the fire brigade," said the General, and as he spoke a squeal of tyres on the main road brought all heads round together.

A big car cornered sharply and came to a halt. A dapper, black-haired man climbed out from behind the wheel, and Constable Queen went forward, relief evident in every line of his figure.

"Good evening, Sergeant," said the General.

"Good evening, sir," said Sergeant Gattie. "Would someone mind telling me what's been happening?"

The General looked at his watch.

"It happened just over fifteen minutes ago," he said. "I doubt if anyone can tell you much more than that."

"How many people inside?"

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"Only one, as far as we know. Major MacMorris. The next house is empty."

"Bit of luck there," agreed the Sergeant. He caught sight of Tim and moved across.

"Did you see it happen?"

"More or less," said Tim.

"My mother and I were both looking out of the window, and we got a good view, even if we were a bit far away. I don't think it was a gas explosion,

now, it'll probably stay put," agreed Tim.

"That's right," said Gattie. "I've often noticed that. It's the first ten minutes you want to watch—while it's still rocking. Have you got a torch?"

"I've got my bicycle lamp.

Better not let the others see. The General practically put



if that's in your mind. Much too heavy. If it hadn't been so impossible, I should have said a solid charge of H.E. And detonated."

"Would have made a good deal more sense in Tel Aviv," said the Sergeant softly.

"I agree," said Tim.

They had reached the back of the house, out of sight of the others. The damage here seemed less extensive.

They looked at each other.

"If it hasn't come down by

Queen under arrest when he wanted to dash in."

"Quite right," said Gattie with a grin. His strong teeth showed white under his line of black moustache. "Can't waste trained constables."

There was no need to open the window. The whole casement, frame and all, was slewed outwards, sagging drunkenly on a single upright. Inside the dust still hung in choking clouds.

Tim barely recognised the

sitting-room, he had been in two hours before. The word "snuggery" came unbidden into his mind.

The light from Gattie's torch was swivelling round the floor, along the rubble of plaster on the carpet, under the table, where a space showed, clear and black, a heap in the corner.

The Sergeant squatted and probed gently. It was nothing more sinister than a tapestry stool which some freak of the explosion had covered with the tablecloth and then buried in debris.

"I think he'd be upstairs," croaked Tim. He was speaking through the handkerchief that he had tied over his mouth and nose.

Sergeant Gattie nodded. He also was wearing a handkerchief and it was impossible to make out much of his expression.

Tim slid gently out into the hall. The door was immovably shut, but it was no longer completely filling the doorway. The bottom half of the staircase was quite intact, the stair carpet and even the rods in position. The top half had disappeared.

Tim got as high as he could and felt above him. There was a ledge of broken joists. It was awkward, because he had to hold the bicycle lamp in one hand, but so far as he could feel it was tolerably secure.

After a moment's thought, he put the lamp away. There was a dim radiance over everything, and he looked up and saw the moonlight shining through the space where the roof had been.

He pulled himself up, got one knee on the jagged edge, grabbed at something solid-looking, found it was a pile of loose slates, and started to slip.

The hand of Sergeant Gattie came up from below, grabbed

his foot, and steered it into a hold.

This time it was easier. Another pull, a quick wriggle, and he was up.

If the bottom rooms were a mess, the top story was naked bedlam. The blast had been more direct, and more wilful. It was almost impossible to tell where passage ended and room began.

If there's any of him anywhere, thought Tim, he'll be in his bedroom.

Immediately in front of him, turned on its side and almost completely blocking the passageway was a mountain of twisted metal which Tim tentatively identified, after stubbing his toes on it, as the cold water tank.

He edged round to the right of it, and a crunch of broken china suggested that he was now where the bathroom had been.

A few steps farther and he sensed that he was in the bedroom.

He got his lamp out again and flashed it around.

The explosion had played its usual tricks. Three of the walls were more or less intact. A picture, its glass unbroken, hung above the fireplace, whilst the heavy iron bed had been picked up bodily and flung across the room.

Pillows and bedclothes had been spewed about the floor.

There was one long, brightly colored bolster lying against the wainscoting under the window. Tim looked at it twice before he realised that he had discovered Major MacMorris.

Forcing himself to hold the torch steady, he made a quick examination. There was nothing that he could usefully do. The body presented the general appearance that high explosive produces where it lays its hands too intimately on a human being.

To be continued

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A GOOD supply of vitamin C is necessary every day. It is the most easily lost of all vitamins, both during its transit from orchard to table, and during cooking.

Oranges are a rich source of vitamin C — $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of orange juice (or grapefruit or lemon juice) will supply the recommended daily allowance of vitamin C.

Orange juice may be stored in a covered container up to 24 hours without any appreciable vitamin loss, but the flavor tends to be slightly bitter.

These recipes and suggestions will help you to make full use of seasonal supplies of oranges.

All spoon measurements are level.

ORANGE CHIFFON PIE

Biscuit cream case: Half tin sweetened condensed milk, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 tablespoon lemon juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. plain biscuits, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon vanilla.

Mix condensed milk with lemon rind and juice. Crush biscuits with rolling-pin, mix into condensed milk, add vanilla. Work into a stiff dough with the hands. Press well on to edges of dish and pinch into a frill.

Orange chiffon: One dessertspoon gelatine, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup cold water, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, 3 eggs, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, extra $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, orange chips.

Soak gelatine five minutes in cold water. Mix sugar, orange juice, salt, and beaten egg-yolks, stir over gently boiling water until thickened to custard consistency. Add orange rind, lemon juice, and softened gelatine, stir until dissolved. Stir while cooling over crushed ice, when beginning to thicken fold in egg-whites beaten to meringue consistency with extra sugar. Turn into biscuit case, chill until set. Top with orange chips.

ORANGE CHIPS

Six orange halves, 1 tablespoon salt, 1 pint water, sugar.

After juice has been squeezed from orange halves place them in a basin and cover with salt and water. Soak 24 hours. Wash thoroughly, boil in fresh water until very soft, $1\frac{1}{2}$ to $1\frac{3}{4}$ hours or longer. Remove as much pith as possible, but avoid breaking the skins. Cut into small shreds with scissors, measure, and allow $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar to 1 cup cut peel.



Place peel and sugar in heavy saucepan over gentle heat until sugar and moisture from peel form a syrup. Cook very gently, watching carefully, until syrup has almost boiled away. Turn on to flat plate, spread out with fork. When cold toss peel in crystal sugar, spread on flat tray and place in very slow oven (door ajar) until well dried. Store in airtight jar.

ORANGE GINGER CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 1 dessertspoon grated orange rind, 4oz. sugar, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons chopped preserved ginger, 1-3rd cup milk, $1\frac{1}{2}$ cups plain flour, 2 tablespoons baking-powder, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with orange rind and sugar, add eggs one at a time, beating well. Add chopped ginger, then milk alternately with sifted flour, baking-powder, and salt. Fill into greased 6in. cake tin, bake in moderate oven 30 to 40 minutes. Allow to stand in tin 3 or 4 minutes, turn carefully on to cake cooler. When cold top with orange frosting.

Orange frosting: Grate the rind of 1 orange and add $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon lemon juice and 3 dessertspoons orange juice. Stand aside 15 minutes then

mix with 1 slightly beaten egg-yolk. Stir in sifted icing-sugar until as thick as whipped cream, spread over cake.

ORANGE MINT SAUCE FOR LAMB

Quarter cup finely chopped mint, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange juice, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup lemon juice, 1 tablespoon castor sugar.

Slightly warm orange and lemon juices with sugar. Pour over mint and allow to stand 10 minutes before serving.

ORANGE SAUCE

Three dessertspoons good shortening, 4 dessertspoons flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup stock or water, salt, paprika, 1 teaspoon grated orange rind, 1-3rd cup hot orange juice, 1 tablespoon sherry.

Melt shortening, add flour and brown slowly. Stir in stock, continue stirring until boiling. Season with salt and paprika. Keep hot over boiling water, just before serving with roast duck add orange rind and juice and sherry.

THREE-FRUIT MARMALADE

Two large grapefruit, 2 oranges, 2 lemons, cold water, sugar.

Peel fruit, discarding seeds and one half of the grapefruit rind. Re-

move as much white pith as possible from remaining rind and cut rind into narrow strips. Cut the peeled fruits into slices and mix with the rind. Measure, and for each cup of fruit add 3 cups water. Stand overnight. Bring to boiling point, cook 10 minutes, again stand overnight. Add 1 cup warmed sugar for each cup of pulp. Cook gently 2 hours or until a little jells when dropped on a cold saucer. Allow to stand until half cold to prevent shreds rising, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars.

ORANGE DATE CAKE

Four ounces butter or substitute, 6oz. castor sugar, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped dates, good $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk, 2 cups self-raising flour, pinch salt.

Cream butter or substitute with sugar and orange rind. Add unbeaten eggs, one at a time, mix well. Fold in dates, then milk alternately with sifted flour and salt. Fill into greased 7in. or 8in. cake tin, bake 1 to $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in moderate oven. Allow to stand in tin 5 or 6 minutes before turning on to cake cooler. When cold ice with orange-flavored icing and decorate with dates.

CRYSTALLISED orange chips top the luscious orange chiffon pie illustrated above. The uncooked biscuit crust is easy to make and delicious to eat. See recipe on this page.

ORANGE MARMALADE

Three oranges, 2 lemons, 5 cups sugar, 5 cups water.

Wash and dry fruit, cut crosswise into thin slices, remove seeds. Place in preserving pan, add water, allow to stand 36 hours. Bring to boiling point, cook steadily 2 hours. Add warmed sugar, and cook gently 1 hour longer or until it jells when tested on a cold saucer. Allow to stand until cooled, bottle into clean, dry, heated jars.

SUNSHINE SALAD

Lettuce heart leaves, sliced, peeled oranges, raisins, salted peanuts.

Arrange orange slices in lettuce leaves on individual serving plates, top with peanuts and raisins, spoon lemon dressing on each serving.

Lemon dressing: Mix the juice of 1 lemon with 2 tablespoons castor sugar and 2 tablespoons condensed milk. Chill before using.

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KW63

BEYOND THE HUNGRY COUNTRY

By

LOUISE A. STINETORF

The strange customs and light-hearted character of rare African tribes make a colourful background for this vigorous story of American Mission people.

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STOP KIDNEY POISONING TODAY

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Cries Under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital process of your kidneys. You must kill the germs which cause these troubles, as blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Get Cystex from your chemist or store to-day. It must prove satisfactory or money back.



PINEAPPLE PINCUSHIONS, a splendid treat to serve at parties. Studded with almonds and topped with a cherry, they look attractive and are delicious to eat. The main prize-winning recipe is given below.

PARTY SWEET WINS £5

Pineapple pincushions, a novelty sweet to serve for party occasions, wins this week's cash award of £5.

SLICES of home-cooked or tinned pineapple may be used for the pineapple pincushions. If preferred, flavor the crumbed topping with vanilla instead of almond essence.

Highland frankfurts, a consolation prize-winner, is a good dish to serve for week-end teas or suppers in front of the fire.

When entering recipes in this contest be sure to include full name and address (especially the State) on every page. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

All spoon measurements are level.

PINEAPPLE PINCUSHIONS

Six slices of preserved or freshly cooked pineapple (sweetened to taste), 1½ cups cake crumbs, 2½ tablespoons finely chopped blanched almonds, 1 teaspoon grated

lemon rind, 3 tablespoons melted butter, few drops almond essence, 2 egg-whites, 5 tablespoons sugar, 1oz. blanched almonds, 6 glacé cherries.

Drain pineapple slices. Mix cake crumbs, chopped almonds, lemon rind, and melted butter, flavor with almond essence. Divide into 6 portions and place one portion on each pineapple slice. Beat egg-whites stiffly, add sugar gradually, beat until dissolved, flavor with almond essence. Pile on to pineapple slices, stud with pieces of almond. Bake in moderate oven until meringue is set and lightly browned, top with a cherry.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. A. Foley, Wynnum Rd., Murarrie, Brisbane.

HIGHLAND FRANKFURTS

Eight or nine frankfurts, 1lb. parsnips, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 tablespoon chopped

parsley, ½ cup grated cheese, mustard pickles, salt and pepper to taste.

Cook parsnips until tender, drain and mash, add butter, parsley, salt and pepper, keep hot. Heat frankfurts in boiling water for 8 minutes, skin and split lengthwise. Spread centres with heated mustard pickles, pile parsnip mixture on top, sprinkle generously with grated cheese. Grill until lightly browned, and serve hot with green peas and creamed potatoes.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. K. Green, 164 Grosvenor Rd., North Perth.

FAMILY DISH

This week's family dish of sheep's tongues with a piquant sauce costs approximately five shillings and threepence and serves four.

SHEEP'S TONGUES WITH PIQUANT SAUCE

Six or seven sheep's tongues, water, 3 cloves, 1 onion, 3 peppercorns, 2 or 3 bacon rinds.

Piquant sauce: Two cups water or stock, 2 bay leaves, 4 cloves, ½ cup sultanas, 1 teaspoon marmalade, 1 teaspoon sugar, ½ teaspoon mixed mustard, ¼ teaspoon curry powder, 1 dessertspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2½ tablespoons flour, 3 tablespoons vinegar, gravy coloring, salt, pepper.

Wash tongues, trim roots, cover with warm water, add flavorings and cook gently 2½ to 3 hours until tender. Cool slightly, remove skins. Prepare sauce.

Place all ingredients except flour and vinegar in enamel-lined saucepan, bring to boil and simmer ½ hour. Blend flour with vinegar and stir into sauce. Continue stirring until boiling, simmer 3 minutes. Correct seasoning and add gravy coloring. Add sliced tongues to sauce, simmer until tongues are heated through. Serve piping hot.

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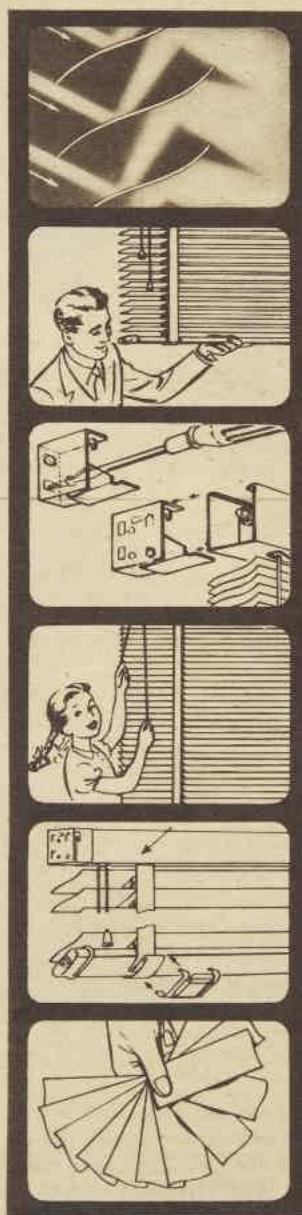
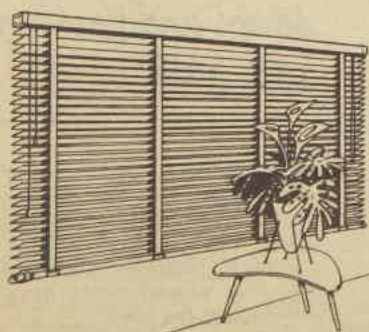
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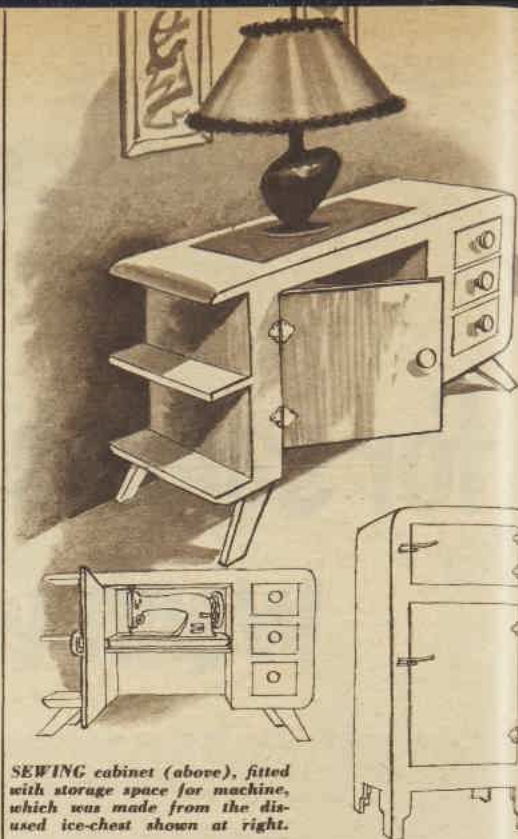
2. Kirsch is all-metal—no warping or twisting is possible and with an all-metal blind colour is uniform on every section—no difference in colour between headmember, slats and bottom rail

3. Kirsch is easy to put up—simply screw up brackets and slip the blind in place. To take the blind down—just unclip and lift it down from the brackets. When in place the blind is securely held

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6. Kirsch venetians come in a range of pastel colours, ivory and white. Kirsch suggests you choose a neutral colour that will blend with future changes you make. Remember—Kirsch is a lifetime purchase.



SEWING cabinet (above), fitted with storage space for machine, which was made from the disused ice-chest shown at right.

Sewing cabinet from ice-chest

A sewing-machine cabinet made from an old ice-chest wins the £3/3/- cash prize in our homemakers' contest.

MRS. B. BENNETT, 71 Lake Rd., Glendale, N.S.W., who sent in the entry, wrote:

"My husband converted an old ice-chest into a most convenient cabinet for my sewing-machine.

"The inside of the chest was stripped of porcelain lining, the legs cut off, and then the shell of the chest was turned on its side. Small shelves to hold ornaments were fitted at one end of the chest.

"The hinges on the door of the storage section were refitted on the left-hand side,

and the old-type fastening on the door replaced with a chrome handle.

"The bottom section was cut away to allow leg space when seated at the cabinet, and a shelf was added to hold a sewing-machine.

"The ice compartment was fitted with three drawers made from scrap timber, with the old door cut into three forming the front of the drawers. Fitted with modern-style legs, the old ice-chest is now an ideal sewing cabinet."

Entries for this contest should be addressed to The Editor, Homemaker Department, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Treating nervous habits in children

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

NERVOUS, over-stimulated children often indulge in the distressing habit of holding their breath when they are thwarted in some way. However, with wise and careful management a child will gradually grow out of this bad habit.

To an inexperienced mother the symptoms are quite alarming. The child becomes blue in the face, the blood vessels of the head distend, and sometimes the child seems unconscious. But there is no record of this habit having caused a death.

The treatment to give the child is sudden shock, either by splashing cold water on the

face or by turning a cold tap on to its head. Even a sharp slap often will be sufficient to restore breathing.

In addition to giving the child a shock, it is important that a mother appears calm and does not show the child that she is at all worried.

Some doctors believe that the habit of holding the breath may be due to a lack of calcium. If it continues, therefore, it is wise for a child to have a medical check-up.

With all children's nervous habits a casual attitude is the most helpful one. A child should not be punished or scolded, but neither should he be given in to and allowed to get his own way, otherwise nervous habits may be used as weapons.

PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS

F3011.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make girls' dress. Sizes: Lengths 28in., 30in., 40in., and 43in. for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 1½ to 2½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 2/6.

F3011



F3786



F3786.—Girl's one-piece dress, featuring unusual bow-tie trim. Sizes: Lengths 28in., 34in., 40in., and 43in. for 8, 10, 12, and 14 years. Requires 3½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3787.—Attractively designed long-torso dress has soft fullness falling from a lowered waistline. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/9.

F3787



F3339



F3339.—Smartly styled, button-through coat-dress. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 4½ yds. 36in. material and ½ yd. 36in. contrast. Price, 3/9.

F3629.—Pretty three-piece, lace-trimmed lingerie set. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires 7½ yds. 36in. material and 5 yds. 1½in. lace. Price complete, 4/9.

F3629



F3788.—Tailored skirt features an out-sized pocket with a button trim. Sizes 24½in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist. Requires 2½ yds. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3789.—Blouse and cummerbund twosome. The blouse has a contrasting tie-collar matched to the cummerbund. Sizes 32in. to 38in. bust. Requires: Blouse, 1½ yds. 36in. material; cummerbund and tie-collar, ½ yd. 36in. material. Price, 3/6.

F3789



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

No. 937.—POCKET APRON
Practical and pretty apron for the housewife is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material is good-wearing cotton available in lemon, blue, pink, natural, and white. Bias tape is not supplied. Price, 21/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra.

No. 1004.—Iron-on transfer featuring two small, one large "basket-of-flowers" motifs in color. Price, 2/6. Postage, 2d. extra.

No. 938.—BABY'S FEEDER
The feeder, designed as a brief little bodice-top, is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider. The material and color choice includes lambtex in cream, primrose, blue, and pink, and Anglo-chene in white, blue, and pink. Prices: Lambtex 4/6; Anglo-chene 4/11. Postage, 3d. extra.

No. 940.—WAIST-TIE BABY'S FEEDER
The feeder is obtainable cut out ready to make in white, blue, green, lemon, and pink cotton. The bias tape is not supplied. Price, 5/6. Postage, 5d. extra.

No. 942.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in floral cotton, the color choice includes red, blue, lemon, and white. Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 43/8; 36in. and 38in. bust, 44/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

No. 941.—SUPPORT CLOTH
The cloth is obtainable cut out ready to make and clearly traced to embroider with a pretty floral motif. The material and color choice includes white and cream Irish linen, and cotton in white, blue, pink, green, and lemon. Price: Cotton, size 36in. x 38in., 12/6. Postage and registration, 1/3 extra. Linen, size 36in. x 36in., 21/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra; 45in. x 45in., 32/6. Postage and registration 1/6 extra; 54in. x 54in., 43/6. Postage and registration 2/6 extra.

• NOTE.—Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. All Needlework Notions over 10/- sent by registered post.

937



938



939



940



941



942



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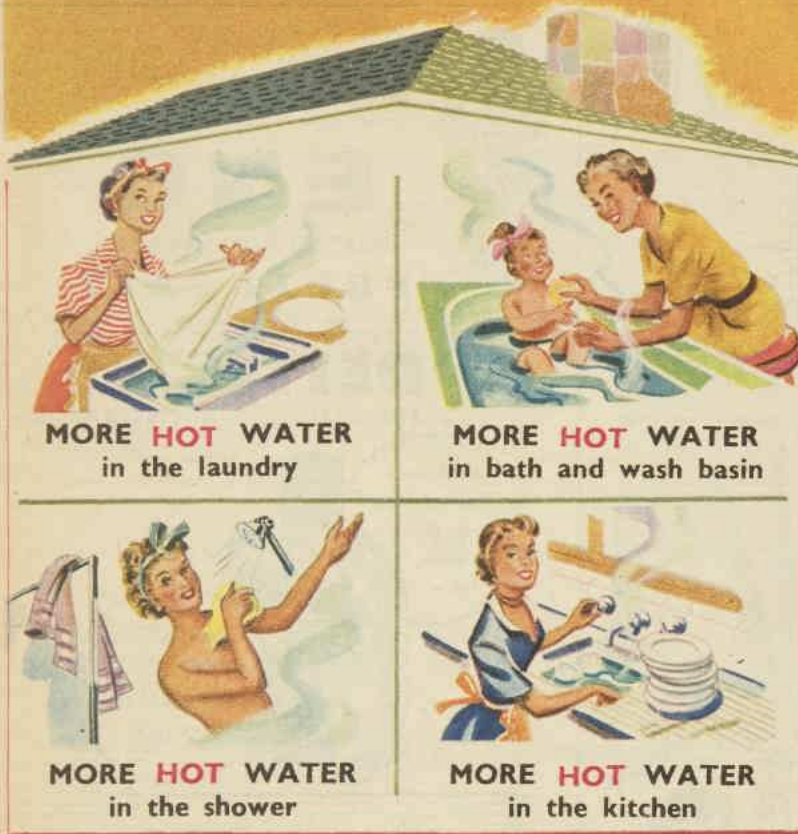
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By
EDISON MARSHALL

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TEENA



Fashion FROCKS

Ready to wear or cut out ready to make

• Fashion Frocks are available for only six weeks from date of publication.

RINA. - Smart one-piece dress, designed with the currently fashionable dropped waistline is obtainable in check, seersucker. The color choice includes red and white, blue and white, and green and white.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 78/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 79/11. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 38/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 39/11. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

TANIS. - Glamorous and form-fitting three-piece lingerie set obtainable in floral mellow sheer. The color choice includes white, green, pink, and blue, all printed with pastel flower motifs.

Ready To Wear: Nightgown, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 68/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 69/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 46/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, 49/11. Postage and registration, 2/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Scanties, sizes 24in. bust, 26in. and 28in. waist, 28/13. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 24in., 26in., 28in., and 30in. waist, 22/6. Postage and registration, 1/6 extra.

Ready To Wear: Slip, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 59/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 61/6. Postage and registration, 2/- extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, 30/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 41/6. Postage and registration, 1/9 extra.

Ready To Wear: Complete set, sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £8/8/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £8/8/11. Postage and registration, 3/9 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32in. and 34in. bust, £5/10/6; 36in. and 38in. bust, £5/13/6. Postage and registration, 3/6 extra.

NOTE: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted. If ordering by mail, send to address given on page 61. Fashion Frocks may be inspected or obtained at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.

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CHUCKLERS WEEKLY

40 PAGES FOR 9^D

Packed with fun, adventure, prizes and surprises for boys and girls of all ages. Have your nearest newsagent deliver Chucklers' Weekly every week.

Australia's Greatest Childrens Magazine

ON SALE EVERY THURSDAY



Positive Relief

FROM COUGHING

AND BRONCHIAL CONGESTION



NYAL Decongestant Cough Elixir is a proven effective, dependable medicine which acts in three ways to "break" stubborn coughs, especially when the coughs are accompanied by heavy chest congestion.

Contains Phenylephrine—a decongestant, which reduces swelling in the bronchial tubes, making breathing easier; Creosote—an internal antiseptic; Codeine—to stop irritating coughing; plus five active expectorants in a honey base. The medication penetrates into the congested membranes of the throat and chest and soothes torn tissues.

NYAL DECONGESTANT COUGH ELIXIR

6 oz. Size

5/6

Family Size

9/6

Nyal

SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS

Breathe freely
in 2 minutes



To get immediate relief from nasal congestion accompanying "stuffy" head colds, flu and catarrh, use the handy plastic atomiser containing NYAL DECONGESTANT NASAL DROPS. Contains an active decongestant in an aqueous solution. No stinging. Get relief anytime, anywhere. Clears congested nasal passages in two minutes... keeps them free for three hours. 5/6.

NYAL NASAL SPRAY



Soothing relief from cold sores

To get positive, soothing relief—quickly—from cold sores and cracked lips, use NYAL Cold Sore Cream or Lotion. The Cream keeps lips soft and supple while it heals the cold sore. The Lotion dries up the cold sore until it quickly disappears. Either Cream or Lotion stops burning, itching sensation instantly. Cream or Lotion... 2/3.

NYAL COLD SORE CREAM, LOTION



Stop sore throats

You can be sure of soothing relief from sore throat with NYAL Iodised Throat Tablets. These tablets contain pure iodine in a safe, pleasant-tasting form. Slip a NYAL Iodised Throat Tablet into the mouth—the iodine it contains will quickly soothe the inflamed membranes and help to check the spread of infection. 40 tablets, 1/11... 60 tablets, 2/8.

NYAL IODISED THROAT TABLETS

NOW YOU CAN HAVE

WHITER TEETH IN TEN DAYS

Here's a toothpaste that *really* cleans your teeth. Made to the latest American formula, Nyal Toothpaste contains a highly-activated cleansing agent designed to safely remove film and food deposits. Actually makes teeth whiter in 10 days. Clean, refreshing flavour.



Ask for these other NYAL MEDICINES

NYAL Aspirin-Codeine Tablets ... 2/-, 3/6
NYAL Bronchitis Mixture ... 3/9, 6/3
NYAL Camphor Ice ... 2/-
NYAL Chest Rub ... 3/-
NYAL Chlloain Paint ... 2/9

NYAL Children's Cough Mixture ... 2/9, 3/9
NYAL Creophos ... 3/9, 6/3, 7/6
NYAL Croup Ointment ... 2/9
NYAL Esterin Tablets ... 3/6
NYAL Figsen (Regular) ... 2/3
NYAL Figsen (Double Strength) ... 3/6
NYAL Honey Cough Elixir ... 3/6
NYAL Huskeys ... 1/8, 2/5
NYAL Quinine 'Flu Mixture ... 4/9
NYAL Sore Throat Gargle ... 2/9, 3/9

NYAL Vitamin and Mineral Tonic, 6/-, 11/-
NYAL Baby Cough Syrup ... 2/9, 3/9
NYAL Baby Soap ... 1/4
NYAL Baby Powder ... 2/-, 4/-
NYAL Calamine-Lanolin Cream ... 2/3
NYAL Decongestant Baby Cough Elixir ... 3/6, 5/6
NYAL Milk of Magnesia ... 2/6, 4/3
NYAL Vitaminised Children's Tonic ... 5/9
NYAL Whooping Cough Syrup ... 3/6